

3 1761 07167989 8



PRESENTED
BY
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BOOK SOCIETY
11. ADAM STREET, LONDON.



PRESENTED
BY THE
**Church of England
Book Society,**
II, ADAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

FOUNDED 1880

Treasurer.

FRANK A. BEVAN, ESQ.

Secretary.

JOHN SHRIMPTON, ESQ.

HYMNS FOR ALL SEASONS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

HYMNS

FOR

ALL SEASONS.

BY

HENRY T. HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BOOK SOCIETY,
11, ADAM STREET.



3344

1915/90

HYMNS FOR ALL SEASONS.

I.

Praise.

PRAISE to our God and King
Let His redeemèd sing,
From shore to shore !
The God of boundless might,
Dwelling in glorious light,
Dreadful to mortal sight,
Let us adore !

The shining heavens He made,
He earth's foundations laid,
His works Him praise.

Saved from sin's dire distress,
His saints His name must bless,
The God of righteousness
And boundless grace.

Praise to His equal Son,
In name and nature one,
Be ever given !
He shed for us His blood,
Redeemed our souls to God,
And He our blest abode
Prepares in heaven.

Praise to the Holy Ghost
From all the ransomed host
Shall ever rise ;
Of Him we're born anew,
Taught, sealèd, guided too,
Till our glad home we view,
Above the skies.

Praise to the Holy Three,
Father, Son, Spirit be,
The Three in One !

Glorious and Infinite ;
Truth, Wisdom, Love, and Might
Be rendered day and night,
To God alone !

II.

The Love of God.

My spirit bathes her in the sea
Of God's unfathomable love ;
What its untold dimensions be,
Impatiently she longs to prove ;
Nor can she wait the day of bliss
To learn how vast her blessing is.

That free, eternal love to know,
Wherewith He ever loved His own ;
Resolved to save from endless woe,
And gave them grace in Christ His Son ;—
'Tis this my longing heart doth crave,
To teach it He His Spirit gave.

That love doth guard me every day,
And with a Father's care provides ;
It leads me o'er life's rugged way,
Restores the foot too oft that slides ;
All-mighty, gentle, patient, true,
There's nought but this could bring me
through !

'Twas at my Saviour's cross I learned
The story of that love immense ;
Though oft its pleadings I had spurned,
Held fast by things of time and sense ;
It vanquished my reluctant heart,
It bade the love of sin depart.

'Tis love's blest bonds that me detain,
Sin's cursèd thraldom now is o'er ;
A captive that e'en loves his chain,
I sigh for liberty no more ;
The love that's writ in Jesus' blood
Both makes and claims me Thine, my God !

III.

“The Only-Begotten of the Father.”

THE Father’s only Son came down,
A stranger upon earth to be ;
Here in the world He made unknown,
No place to lay his head had He.

The Father’s only Son came down,
His lowly servant here to be ;
Unmoved by human smile or frown,
Obedient unto death was He.

The Father’s only Son came down,
A sacrifice on earth to be ;
He bore His people’s crimes alone,
The sin-atoning victim He.

They laid Him in the rich man’s grave,
In that untainted sepulchre ;
But sweet the word the angels gave,
“The Lord is risen, He is not here !”

The Father's only Son on high
Doth live His people's cause to plead ;
He listens to their feeblest cry,
He loves to meet their every need.

The Father's Son shall come again ;
Him every eye that day shall see ;
He comes with power o'er all to reign,
The King of kings confessèd He !

He comes with you His saints to reign ;
In joyful hope that day abide ;
Who follow Him these hours of pain
With Him must then be glorified !

IV.

GEN. xiv. 17—24.

BLESS me, Thou great High Priest !
Thou Son of God, oh bless !
Thou glorious King of peace,
And King of righteousness,

Feed me with nourishment divine,
Bring forth to me the bread and wine.

Thyself the Conqueror art
Of sin and death and hell ;
Mine is the blissful part,
Thy victories to tell.

And, through the death that gained me life,
I too shall conquer in the strife.

Bless me, Lord Jesus, bless !
My thankful heart doth own
That strength and righteousness
I have in Thee alone.

O'er me Thy words of blessing speak,
Thou glorious, great Melchisedek !

Pronounce me blest of God,
The Lord of heaven and earth ;
For Thou Thyself didst deign
Be born of human birth,
That, dying for me on the tree,
God might be blessed in blessing me.

With Thy rich blessing crowned,
The world shall tempt in vain ;
Its gain shall loss be found,
And loss shall be its gain.

With Thy true blessing satisfied,
This heart shall know no want beside.

When life's last conflict's o'er,
And every danger's past,—
The sound of war no more
Is heard in heaven at last,—
Thy Father's kingdom let me share,
And drink with Thee the new wine there !

V.

Praise to Christ.

PRAISES never-ceasing
To the Lamb be paid !
Wisdom, glory, blessing
Crown His sacred head !

Once on earth disownèd,
Scorned and put to shame ;
Now in heaven enthronèd,
All should praise His Name.

Hark, all heaven rejoices !
Hear the saintly choir !
While sweet angel voices
With their strain conspire.
He was seen of angels,
When He dwelt below ;
They have seen His glory,
And His deepest woe.

Who the joy may utter,
Which the ransomed band
Filleth now for ever,
In that better land ?
There they see the Saviour,
Whom they loved below ;
Now in bliss for ever
They His love shall know.

There His richest glories
 Strike their gladdened eye ;
Love and might all boundless,
 Grace and majesty :
Where the Godhead shineth
 In the Glorious Man,
There, with reverent wonder,
 They His glories scan.

Oh ! to join the harpers
 By yon crystal sea,
In those strains enraptured,
 Heaven's own minstrelsy !—
Join the Church triumphant
 Over all her foes ;
And the Lamb to follow,
 Wheresoe'er He goes !

Now they know the value
 Of that priceless blood,
Which from death redeemed them,
 Bought their souls for God.

Now sin lurks no longer
In their purgèd breast ;
Love than death proved stronger,
Makes them fully blest.

Praises never ceasing
To the Lamb be paid !
Wisdom, power, and blessing
Ceaseless crown His head !
Though on earth disownèd,
Scorned, and put to shame,
Now in heaven enthronèd,
All adore His Name.

VI.

Praise to the Holy Ghost.

WE praise Thee, Holy Spirit !
And sing Thy boundless glory ;
Thy quickening might in wondrous light
Shines in creation's story.

By Thee the heavens were garnished,
With all their hosts unnumbered ;
And earth's domain repeats the strain
Of power that ne'er has slumbered.

We bless Thee, Holy Spirit !
With the Eternal Father,
And with the Son, for ever One,
Thou dost to Jesus gather :
Thou bear'st Thy mighty witness
(For this sent down from heaven)
To Jesus' blood, through which, by God,
Our sins are all forgiven.

We bless Thee, Holy Spirit !
By Thee anew created,
No more from earth we claim our birth,
To God Himself related !
His children by adoption,
Made heirs by His good pleasure,
. In Christ beloved, in Christ approved,
His special choice and treasure.

We bless Thee, Holy Spirit !
Making our hearts Thy dwelling ;
Thou shedd'st abroad the love of God,
That mighty theme still telling :—
The love to us displayèd,
When we were foes and strangers ;
That love unsought deliverance wrought
From everlasting dangers !

We bless Thee, Holy Spirit !
Who us for glory sealest ;
Till Christ shall come to fetch us home,
His grace Thou still revealest :
We hail Thee, Glorious Earnest
Of bliss man ne'er conceivèd ;
O Holy Dove, for Jesus' love,
Dwell in our hearts ungrievèd !

VII.

The Day of Glory.

THE day of glory from afar
On time's swift wing is speeding ;
And brighter grows the morning star
To all its brightness heeding.

The hours of long deferrèd hope,
Night's watches, lone and dreary,
O see, their measure 's nigh filled up,
Ye souls with watching weary !

Your Lord can ne'er His word forgo,
Not earth so firm abideth ;
Right blest is he, 'mid joy or woe,
Who in His word confideth.

Like infant on a mother's breast,
By gentle love caressèd,
The soul that on His word doth rest
Is safe, and ever blessèd :

Like Him who, tossed on stormy wave,
Slept fast upon the pillow,
While others feared to find a grave
In every threatening billow.

Oh ! brighter shall that day-dawn be
For every darkening sorrow ;
In patience wait, ye soon must see
Joy's never-ending morrow !

VIII.

Morning.

Now from sleep awaking,
Father, unto Thee
Let my heart be making
Holy melody !
For the light of morning,
Morning songs I'd raise ;
This my true adorning,
Thine own robe of praise.

Through the night so dreary
Safely Thou hast kept ;
Angel-guards were near me,
Watching while I slept !
Still Thine eyes of pity
Rest in love on me,
And those holy watchers
Still my guardians be !

Not in troubled dreaming
Have I passed the night ;
Not in weary longing
For the dawn of light ;
Not in ceaseless tossings
On my peaceful bed ;
While, with pain and sickness,
Languished heart and head.

Health and strength and reason
From Thy hand I gain ;
For each changing season
Suited good obtain.

Power to love and serve Thee,
And a heart to praise,
Holy Father, give me,
All these earthly days.

To Thy love so tender,
To Thy care so true,
Let me now surrender,
Lord, myself anew !
Rescued, pardoned, healèd,
By my Saviour's blood ;
With Thy Spirit sealèd,
Own me Thine, my God !

When that promised morning
Shall at length appear ;
Sight of Christ returning
Shall His people cheer ;
In His perfect likeness,
Lord, I look to shine ;
And Thy love and mercy
Praise in songs divine !

IX.

Night.

ERE I close mine eyes in slumber,
Give me some sweet thought of Thee ;
Of Thy mercies without number,
Of Thy love so true to me ;
Pillowed on Thy loving breast,
Let this head and heart have rest !

Saviour, Thou hast trod before me
Life's rude path with dangers strewn ;
Raisèd now to highest glory,
Seated on Thy Father's throne,
Love that never tires is Thine,
Trust unceasing, true, be mine !

Night's deep darkness may surround me,
'Twill not hide me from Thy sight ;
Guardian angels still around me
Shall abide the long dark night ;
Safest watch and ward they keep
O'er Thy loved ones, while they sleep.

Should these eyes no more awaken,
To behold the glorious sun ;
Saviour, shall I not be taken
Where the day is never done ?
To Thy paradise above,
Everlasting home of love ?

X.

“ *Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.* ”

DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

THE everlasting arms are underneath,
So kind, so strong !
The arm that vanquished Satan, sin, and
death,
Must be my song.
The hand that terror deals to all my foes,
Saves me from fears ;
Gives to my weary head and heart repose,
And dries my tears.

The everlasting arms are underneath ;
How sweet to lie
Encompassed by those arms ! in humble
faith,
When danger's nigh,
To trust my Covenant God, for ever Blest !
The darkest hour
I pass on earth shall only manifest
His saving power.

The everlasting arms are underneath ;
What though I sink,
Those arms of gentle might are still beneath !
E'en when I think,
In unbelief's dark night, my feeble strength
Must clean give way ;
Heaven's light returning showeth Him at
length
My trust and stay.

The everlasting arms are underneath ;
E'en on the brink

Of the dark, troubled, swollen stream of
death,

I shall not shrink !

When heart and flesh give way, and all
beside

Of earth must fail,

If Jesus with me through the flood abide,
I shall not quail.

The everlasting arms are underneath ;

Oh ! when at last,

With glory crowned, of heaven's pure air I
breathe,

And all the past,

With joy unknown before I shall review,

Saviour, to Thee,

“The everlasting arms have brought me
through,”

My song shall be !

XI.

Rest.

I REST in the word of a Covenant God,
Who never His word can forgo ;
My hope for eternity rests on the blood,
That saveth from guilt and from woe.

'Twas Jesus my Lord who the covenant
sealed,
With His blood of so wondrous a price ;
'Twas the Spirit of grace who that Saviour
revealed,
And opened my long darkened eyes.

I rest in the promise, the counsel, the oath ;
Immutable things are my stay ;
I shall praise and adore Him who keepeth
His troth,
When earthly things all pass away.

I rest in the word of a Covenant God,
When my pathway is hedged up with thorn ;

His love gilds with brightness each dark,
threatening cloud,
He turneth my night into morn.

I rest in the hope of that glorious morn,
Whose dawning shall quickly arise,
When Jesus my Saviour at length shall
return,
And welcome me home to the skies.

And e'en should I traverse the valley of death,
My spirit with Christ shall abide,
Till the day when He speaks with His life-
giving breath,
And I shall be throned at His side !

XII.

“I am the Lord: I change not.”

THROUGH changeful days and years, O Lord,
Thou dost abide the same :
And he, who trusts Thy faithful word,
Shall ne'er be put to shame !

What c'en the morrow us shall bring
We cannot think or tell ;
While yet we know in everything
Thy love doth order well.

In Christ, from everlasting days,
Thy glory stood secure ;
In Him Thine honour and Thy praise
For ever shall endure.

Thy glory and our blessedness
No might shall e'er divorce ;
The world, sin, Satan, sorrow's stress,
In vain expend their force.

O may we live to spread Thy praise,
To tell Thy glory, Lord ;
And witness through life's changeful days
How faithful is Thy word !

XIII.

Alte Volks.

“ ALOFT I soar” on faith’s strong eagle wings,
Far, far above these sublunary things ;
There glorious visions meet my raptured gaze,
More dazzling bright than sun’s meridian blaze.

I see the Lamb with radiant glory crowned,
While shining hosts encompass Him around ;
Thrones and dominions low before Him fall,
Princes and powers proclaim Him “ Lord of
all.”

I have a nobler song to sing than they,
A debt of love they could not owe, to pay ;
A golden harp, whose strings could not be
swept
By angel hands ; for me by Christ ’tis kept.

They sing the power, the love exceeding great,
Which, choosing, kept them in their high
estate ;

*I sing the Lamb, who brought me nigh to God,
When far away, by His most precious blood.*

How poor the things of time and sense appear,
Viewed from those lofty heights of glory
there!

Earth's crowns and sceptres seem but gilded
toys,

Unreal, fast fading all its boasted joys.

Not always can I soar so high! the things
Of earth too often clog my drooping, feeble
wings;

Unto the dust I cleave, no power but Thine,
My God, can make me seek the things divine.

I shall soar high above yon billowy cloud,
That heaven's brightness from my sight doth
shroud,

Above yon sky with stars bespangled o'er,
When Jesus comes to fetch me, I shall soar

XIV.

The God-Man.

How wonderful that He,
Whom we the Son of Mary call,
Should in high heaven acknowledged be
The King and Lord of all!—

That He in whom there dwelt
The Godhead's fulness bodily,
Should here below each pang have felt
Of man's mortality!

The Father's only Son,
His Joy, His one supreme delight,
What for His guiltless soul hath won
That fearful paschal night?

O why that bloody sweat?
That agony so deep, intense,
By human thought unmeasured yet,
Or by angelic sense.

What means that savage crowd,
Gathered to Pilate's judgment hall ?
And why those tones so fierce and loud,
As for His blood they call ?

What evil hath He done ?
What hideous crime against Him lies ?
Was the like heard of since the sun
Hath shone for mortal eyes ?

Why on that cross of shame.
Do they that gentle Sufferer raise,
And scorn's full tide pour on His name ?
And hark ! meanwhile He prays :—

Father, do Thou forgive
This crime against Thy Son and Thee ;
And let these guilty rebels live,—
My death itself the plea !

And now a deeper pang,
Beyond what mind hath e'er conceived,
As He, for human crime and wrong,
The full reward received.

“ My God, my God,” He cries,
“ O why hast Thou forsaken me ? ”
While on His soul the burden lies
Of man’s iniquity !

“ ’Tis finished ! ” hear that word !
My soul, for countless sins and thine,
Eternal pardon is secured :
Believe the grace divine !

In highest heaven enthroned,
Acknowledged King and Lord of all,
Though here rejected and disowned,
Heaven’s hosts before Him fall.

He claims another throne,
Another empire stoops to win ;
My soul, His blessed sceptre own,
Let Jesus reign within !

To Him thine homage pay,
Own Him thy Saviour, God, and Lord ;
Ever, till life’s remotest day,
Loved, reverenced, adored !

And joy to know that He,
Whom thou dost God and Saviour call,
In Heaven's high glory thou shalt see,
The King and Lord of all !

XV.

Sursum Corda.

Up, hearts ! why grovel here ?
What can ye find below ?
Here's nought but grief and fear,
A world of sin and woe :
Up, hearts that Jesus claims His own,
Behold Him there on heaven's throne !

Up, hearts that Jesus love,
The loyal and the true ;
His Spirit, Holy Dove,
Whispers of heaven to you ;
Tells of the glories yet to come,
And lures you onward to your home.

Up, hearts by sorrow tried,
Oppressed by heavy care ;
Above yon threatening cloud,
Above yon glimmering star,
They dwell in light before God's face ;
Seek there your joy, your resting-place.

Up, hearts, where sin no more,
Nor death they ever dread ;
All that distressed before,
For ever, ever fled ;
All that the longing heart could crave,
In Him secured, who died to save.

XVI.

The Vision of Saints in Heaven.

I SAW them in their glory—crowned
With light and joy above ;
I heard the golden harps resound
To strains of Jesus' love.

Pure was the sea of crystal, where
Their feet do stand alway ;
And pure the dazzling robe they wear,
Yet not more pure than they.

The blood that made their garments white,
Had cleansed the soul within ;
Had fitted them for God's own light,
And freed from trace of sin.

I joyed to see them : and the thought
My inmost soul did cheer,
That I too should at length be brought,
Their endless bliss to share !—

To be as like to Christ as they,
With the same nearness blest ;
To serve as they do, night and day,
In the same glorious rest !

XVII.

Praise ye the Lord.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! exalt His Name,
Be far and wide His wonders told !
Our Saviour God, His matchless fame
From age to age shall ne'er wax old.

Salvation to the Lord alone !
'Tis His blest work from first to last ;
The grace that sought us when undone,
In bonds of love still holds us fast.

To His own rich eternal love,
His sovereign, free, electing grace,
Give endless praise, ye saints above,
Ye souls redeemed from Adam's race.

Let saints on earth take up the strain,
Which soon in yon bright courts they'll sing ;
They too in endless life must reign,
In the glad presence of their King.

To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Praise undivided ever given,
Till in yon heavenly temple we
Essay the undying song of heaven.

XVIII.

Heart Cravings.

'Tis to be near to Thee I crave,
Life yields no joy like this ;
For having Thee I all things have,
Mine's a full cup of bliss !

O Saviour, 'tis Thysel hast taught
Me to desire Thee so ;
My longing soul each hour of thought
To Him I love would go.

But what is my best love to Thee,
To that Thy heart doth keep ?
At home, abroad, Thou think'st of me,
Or waking or asleep.

Graven upon Thy heart appears
My vile and worthless name ;
Loved from eternity—to years
Unending loved the same !

Bought with Thy blood—no nearer tie
I ask—nor Thou couldst own ;
The love that made Thee for me die
Must have my love alone !

XIX.

“*He shall Drink of the Brook in the Way.*”

Ps. cx. 7.

HE drank the brook beside the way,
Dependent on His Father’s will ;
His meat and drink for every day,
To do His Father’s will.

He drank the brook while here below,
As on His lowly path He sped ;
In yonder heaven of glory now,
He lifteth up the head.

And oft to wayworn pilgrims here
He grants the brook beside the way ;
Their strength to feed, their hope to cheer,
Throughout life's weary day.

His service sweet, His holy word,
His sacred day, His blessed feast,
Do joys untold to them afford,
With these they're cheered and blest.

Tis but the brook—the ocean deep
Of His own free, eternal love,
For His belovèd He doth keep,
To drink for aye above !

XX.

Trials Sanctified.

SWEET care, that drives me still
To Jesus' feet ;
To find from every ill
A safe retreat.

For He, who all my burden knows,
Grants me for anxious care repose !

Sweet toil, that makes me long
For heaven's own rest ;
Let me for toil be strong,
With this thought blest ;—
He toiled and died, that I might win
Eternal rest from toil and sin !

Blest pain, for which I find
A sure relief
On His own breast, who bore
My sin and grief :
He charms my pain, my woes He heals,
And on my heart His love He seals.

Had I no pain, nor toil,
Nor anxious care,
I might forget the while
My home's not here ;
This treacherous heart would cling to
Forgetful of my heavenly birth. [earth,

And thus my gracious Lord,
In love to me,
Sends toil and care and pain,
That I might be
Drawn close and closer to His side,
In Him my covert to abide.

But sweet, oh sweet the hope
Of that bright day,
When trial's needed cup
Shall pass away ;
When peace and rest and joy shall be
His love's unhindered gifts to me !

XXI.

Resignation.

WHY should I fear the blow
That cometh from a Father's hand ?
'Twill bring but good I know ;
Then humbly let me bow ;
His blessed will shall I His child withstand ?

Why should this heart repine
Because of what He takes from me,
When He Himself is mine ?
O bliss, complete, divine,
My portion now and to eternity !

And He who takes away,
More than He takes doth ever give ;
This thought my heart shall stay,
And meekly will I say,
“ O Lord my God, 'tis by these things
men live ! ”

The God who gave His Son,
For me that bitter death to die,
Will not forsake His own,
Or leave His work undone,
Till I shall reach His home, His rest on
high !

XXII.

“ Whose fan is in His hand.”

WHEN the Master fans the floor,
Soul, wilt thou be chaff or wheat?
Precious grain, for Heaven’s safe store,
Chaff, for endless burning meet?

Saviour, if in Thee I trust,
Need I fear the awful day,
When the wicked from the just
Thou shalt separate for aye?

Many are my sins I own,
Dark and vile this heart within;
Yet Thy blood I trust alone,
Blood that cleanseth every sin.

Ne’er couldst Thou the souls deceive,
That upon Thy word depend;
Saviour, I Thy word believe,
Thou wilt save me to the end!

Fears may rise like threatening waves,
Doubts o'ercast my troubled sky ;
He who undertakes to save,
In His might will still be nigh.

When to Thy dear cross I turn,
Fix on Thee my stedfast eye,
Love's bright sun doth o'er me burn,
All' my gloom and sorrow fly !

XXIII.

A Song of Love.

A SONG of love be mine !
Spirit of love divine,
My song inspire !
Waken each slumbering chord,
To praise my loving Lord,
Thy mighty aid afford,
My bosom fire.

I'd sing the Lamb who died,
Jesus, the Crucified,
God's equal Son !

He bore the curse for me,
In love unsought and free,
That I might blessed be,
His joy and crown !

In love's solicitude,
He watches for my good,
While here I roam ;
When fears and foes oppress,
He is at hand to bless ;
All through the wilderness,
He leads me home !

To His own home of love,
Of bliss all thought above,
He leads me on !
There shall I see His face,
Know all His love and grace,
Rest in His last embrace,
Share His bright throne !

What joy shall then be mine,
Ineffable, divine,
 Never to end !

There loved with perfect love,
Perfect my love shall prove,
Nor from its centre move,
 My Lord and Friend !

There songs of love I'll sing
To Him, my Lord and King,
 Nor sing alone :

With the bright sacred throng,
Eternal ages long,
I'll sing redemption's song,
 Before the throne !

XXIV.

“Lord, to whom shall we go ?”

JOHN vi. 68.

THOUGH men should all forsake Thee,
And faithless turn away ;
Oh ! where could I betake me ?
On whom my spirit stay ?

In Thee alone, Lord Jesus,
Do grace and love abound ;
In Thee, Thou Friend of sinners,
All, all I need is found !

All guilty, Lord, and helpless,
'Tis from Thy hands I gain
Sweet mercy and forgiveness,
Balm for my spirit's pain.
Though Satan oft accuseth,
And conscience owns the guilt ;
This all my debt excuseth,
For me Thy blood was spilt !

To Thee alone, Lord Jesus,
In life or death I'd cleave ;
And in Thy blest assurance
Most truly would believe ;—
That all the Father gave Thee,
That all to Thee who come,—
Thou wilt conduct them safely
To Thine eternal home !

XXV.

For Guidance.

SPEAK, Lord, Thy servant heareth,
And waits Thy will to know ;
“ ‘Tis not in man that walketh”
To know which way to go ;
For wisdom and direction,
For counsel and controul,
I come to Thee, my Father,
To Thee pour out my soul.

‘Tis Thine alone to guide me,
‘Tis Thine alone to cheer ;
No ill can e’er betide me,
While Thou, my God, art near :
Yet if from Thee I wander,
And choose my heart’s own way,
Myself I surely render
To Satan’s wiles a prey.

Oh! send Thy light and truth, Lord,
To make my pathway plain ;
My soul doth hang upon Thee,
Canst Thou my prayer disdain ?
Thy Son for me Thou gavest
Freely, that I might live ;
No good Thy servant craveth
But Thou'lt as freely give !

XXVI.

Mercy.

MERCY must heal my wounds,
Mercy alone !
Mercy that knows no bounds,
Mercy alone !
Mercy that comes from God,
Through the dear Saviour's blood,
Who once my Surety stood,
Mercy alone !

Mercy alone can meet
My helpless need ;
Oh ! be that mercy sweet
To me decreed !
On mercy I depend,
To succour and defend ;
O Lord, that mercy send,
Mercy indeed !

Mercy all rich and free,
Mercy alone,
Can suit a worm like me,
Helpless, undone.
This mercy, Lord, I seek,
With contrite heart and meek ;
Do Thou the word but speak,
My suit is won !

Mercy for every day,
My God, I crave ;
When foes beset my way,
Mercy to save.

In fierce temptation's hour,
To keep me from its power ;
When trouble's dark clouds lower,
To make me brave !

Mercy in that great day,
My Saviour, give !
When all things pass away,
Oh ! then receive
Me to Thy blest abode,
The purchase of Thy blood,
My Saviour and my God,
With Thee to live !

XXVII.

“*My Sheep shall never Perish.*”

HARK those words of wonder,
Grace and power divine ;
Nought from me shall sunder
One poor sheep of mine

Vain the powers of darkness,
Vain the rage of hell ;
All their might or malice,
But my praise shall tell.

Jesus, gracious Shepherd,
Thou hast made me Thine !
I am tended, pastured,
By Thy care divine :
In Thy fold abiding,
I have nought to fear ;
Sweet is love's confiding,
Sweet Thy presence near !

Wherefore should I grieve Thee
By mistrust or doubt ?
He who once received me,
Can He cast me out ?
Can the word be broken,
Long as life shall last,
Which His lips have spoken ?
Stands it not still fast ?

O Thou mighty Shepherd,
Wise and kind and true ;
When to heaven gathered,
Brought life's dangers through,
How these lips shall bless Thee !
How this heart will love,
When Thy hand shall raise me
To Thy fold above !

XXVIII.

“Thou shalt call me, My Father,” &c.

JER. iii. 19.

AND may I call Thee Father ?
And wilt Thou own the tie ?
And not upbraid me rather,
When thus to Thee I cry ?

The Spirit of adoption
Thou hast through Jesus given,
To witness of His merit,
To seal Thy child for heaven.

And Thou dost bid me welcome
To Thy dear mercy-seat,
Oft as from sin and sorrow
I seek a safe retreat.

Thy very throne of glory
I find a throne of grace,
Where often Thou dost show me
The shinings of Thy face.

And now, great God, I dread not
Thine awful majesty ;
The searching glance I fear not
Of Thine all-seeing eye.

I would not have Thee, Father,
Less high, less holy seem ;
But every day would rather
Thee higher, holier deem !

And still I'd fain know better
Each day Thy heart of love ;
That love the strongest fetter
To bind my heart shall prove.

Oh ! how the gift of Jesus
Doth tell Thy holiness !
Nought else from death could free us,
Thy grace would give no less !

And in Him—precious Saviour—
All, all I need is found ;
To me through Him for ever
Shall all Thy grace abound !

So will I call Thee, Father !
And Thou wilt own the tie ;
Till safely Thou shalt gather
Me to Thy home on high.

XXIX.

LONE and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Seek I now sweet rest in Thee !
God of mercy,
Love and pity,
Cast a gracious eye on me !

Chase the sadness,
Give me gladness,
Thou Blest Sun of righteousness !
Thy bright rising
Foes surprising,
They no longer shall distress.

Holy Spirit,
Shew His merit,
Who for sinners shed His blood ;
Great Unsealer,
Blest Revealer,
Shew me the deep things of God !

God of glory,
Love and mercy,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Still defend me,
Guide, befriend me,
In Thee's all my hope, my boast !

XXX.

“*My Times are in Thy Hand.*”

Ps. xxxi. 15.

I SAID, “My times are in Thy hand,”
When troubles pressed me sore ;
My trembling feet Thou mad’st to stand
Within Thy mercy’s door.
Enriched with many a precious thing,
Thy favour, Lord, I proved ;
Nor knew my thankful heart till then,
How dearly I was loved !

My times are ever in Thy hand,
Of uncontrollèd might ;
Sustained by Thee, when weak I’m strong,
My heaviest burden’s light !
My times, O God, are in Thy hand,
Of love, so wise, so free ;
Thine every gift, Thy very rod
Shews Thy heart’s love to me.

My times are in Thy hand, my God,
No good to me’s denied ;

The love that gave Thy Son for me,
Must well for me provide.
I said, "My times are in Thy hand!"
That word I'll ne'er recall;
But still to Thee my ways commend,
My God, my Joy, my All!

XXXI.

Contentment.

I ASK not much
Of this world's vaunted store;
For death's cold touch
Must rob me of the power
To hold the most, the best, this poor world
gives;
I ask the good that death itself outlives!

For had I much
Of what the world calls good,
My heart is such,
I might forget my God;

And make the things that last but for a day,
My heart's fond trust, my hope, my joy, my
stay.

“The world's a lie!”
Its votaries have said,
With tear-dimmed eye,
When earth's fair blooms were dead,
When o'er its scenes that seemed so fair, so
bright,
Had passed the scorching blast, the withering
blight.

Enough I crave,
Enough He promises,
My heart to save
From fear and doubtfulness :
No promise of His lips can ever fail,
His might, His changeless love, shall still pre-
vail.

Let fears depart !
Be thou for e'er content,

My anxious heart,
With what my God has sent:
He that in Christ with hope of heaven is blest
May trust his God to order all the rest !

XXXII.

“If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be.”

JOHN xii. 26.

LORD, where Thy servants are Thyself hast
been,
Thou know’st each sorrow of this passing scene;
No stranger Thou to pain and toil and strife,
These marked Thy lot throughout Thine
earthly life.

Thou restest now! Thy lowly work is done,
The crown is on Thy brow, Thy victory won,
Yet not content alone Thy crown to wear,
Thou bidd’st us hope at length Thy joy to
share.

How sweet the word, by Thine own lips once
given,
To cheer us in the toilsome path to heaven :—
“Whoever serves me, let him follow me,
And where I am, there shall my servant be !”

XXXIII.

Loss of Friends by Death.

LINK after link is breaking
Of life's mysterious chain ;
Our loved ones us forsaking,
Return not here again.
The bonds of sweet affection
By death are rudely torn ;
What most of gladness yielded
Most deeply makes to mourn.

Life's joys how brief and transient,
How soon its sun goes down !
Scarce gaze we on the vision,
Ere all its glory's gone !

O wherefore love and cherish
The dying things of earth ?
The things that cannot perish
Alone our love are worth !

And death's dark night is coming
For every child of man ;
These years, though long their seeming,
Are shorter than a span ;
Swifter than wingèd arrow,
Or meteor's rapid flight,
Comes on that endless morrow
Of darkness or of light.

How blest the souls for ever,
That trust God's faithful love ;
Nought them from Him shall sever
Of things below, above :
Safe in their Shepherd's keeping,
His flock doth still abide ;
Through all this dreary desert,
He's ever at their side.

He to His home doth welcome
All in the Lord who die ;
Till coming in His kingdom,
He brings them from the sky :
With Christ that day returning,
We shall our loved ones greet ;
Then, then shall end our mourning,
Our joys shall be complete !

XXXIV.

E. W.

RECEIVE, O Earth, thy due !
Sin claims the dust for dust ;
Yet, many be the years or few,
Hold thou thy charge in trust.

A little space she craves
Within thine ample breast ;
Here, where life's storm no longer raves.
Let her serenely rest.

So worn with toil and pain,
She needs a rest like this :
Yet those sealed eyes shall wake again,
To gaze on scenes of bliss.—

To see her Saviour's face,
Where all His glories shine ;
To view her love-appointed place
Prepared by hands divine.

When shall the morning come ?
When shall these clouds be riven ?
And He who once despoiled the tomb,
Appear in yonder heaven ?

Hark ! 'tis the trump of God ;
O Earth, give back thy trust !
Redeemed from death by costly blood,
She dwells no more in dust !

XXXV.

“Who hath abolished Death.”

DEATH’S Conqueror Thee we gladly own.
Who once for us to death didst bow ;
Exalted to Thy Father’s throne.
The Prince of life confessèd now !

The keys of hell and death are Thine ;
Their vast domain Thou rulest well,
With power resistless and divine ;
Thy friends to guard, Thy foes to quell.

Blest are the dead in Thee who die !
At home with Christ ; O happy lot !
To rest for e’er beneath Thine eye,
To know the bliss Thy death hath bought.

’Mid gloom and dread, ’mid pain and grief,
We struggle on to light and life ;
Till Thou shalt give **the** long relief,
And glorious victory crown the strife !

XXXVI.

The Home of Peace.

Not in the lordly mansion,
Not in the stately hall ;
Not amid rank or fashion,
Or courtly festival ;
Not in the halls of learning,
Not in the convent gray ;—
From these her steps oft turning
Peace hies her far away !—

Not where proud beauty dwelleth,
In man or maiden's face ;
And Time that nothing spareth,
Not yet hath left his trace ;
Not where in dazzling splendour,
Jewels and gold abound ;
Not where the harp-strings render
Sweet music's sweetest sound :—

Not in the haunts of commerce,
Not in the busy mart ;

In these alas ! too often
Dwells many an aching heart.
Not in the quiet country,
In the deep forest glade,
Not with the lonely hermit
Hath Peace her dwelling made.

But in the heart that's broken
With sense of guilt and sin ;
Where God Himself has spoken,
And pardon sealed within ;
The heart that knows forgiveness
Through Jesus' precious blood ;—
That hath the Spirit's witness ;—
There dwells the peace of God !

XXXVII.

Grace and Glory.

TELL me often of Thy glory,
Tell me often of Thy grace,
Till, my Saviour, I before Thee
Take my love-prepared place,

Earthly themes a moment please me,
But they quickly lose their charm ;
In my grief they fail to ease me,
Often work my spirit harm.

Yet upon Thy glory never
Can I dwell too oft, too long ;
And Thy precious grace doth ever
Turn my saddest grief to song
Son of God, in boundless favour
Didst Thou give Thyself for me ?
Me from judgment to deliver,
Didst Thou die upon the tree ?

Now to highest glory raised,
(Heaven's highest throne to Thee belongs !)
Thou for evermore art praised,
Both in saints' and angels' songs.
Yet amidst that wondrous glory,
Thou dost ne'er Thine own forget ;
All their names so poor and worthless
On Thy heart are graven yet !

Night and day Thou watchest o'er them,
In Thy love's unweariedness ;
Thou dost clear their path before them,
Through the dreary wilderness :
Saviour, Shepherd, Friend, and Brother
Born for our adversity ;
Every name of grace and glory
Gladly do we give to Thee.

Let Thy love so vast, unmeasured,
Let Thy grace so rich and free,
Deeper in this heart be treasured,
Still my joy and wonder be !
Tell me ever of Thy glory,
Tell me ever of Thy grace ;
To that soul-transporting story,
Every earthly theme give place !

XXXVIII.

HEB. xiii. 10—15.

WITHOUT the city's gate,
Oppressed with countless woes,

His people's crimes to expiate,
The blessed Victim goes.

We have an altar there,
Where saints alone can feed ;
The feast His grace for them prepared,
Is meat and drink indeed !

Let us go forth to Him ;
Nor dread the world's proud scorn ;
How light will its reproaches seem,
If with our Master borne !

This thought our souls shall cheer,
Amid or grief or gloom,—
“ We've no abiding city here,
But seek the one to come.”

So through our great High Priest,
Who shed on earth His blood,
Let us our sacrifice present
Of ceaseless praise to God !

XXXIX.

Where shall we Meet again ?

IN the home of many mansions,
In our love-preparèd place ;
In the land of endless sunshine,
Where they see God face to face :—

Where no tear the bright eye dimmeth,
Where no clouds the sky o'ercast ;
Gone for ever what but seemeth,
Come the true, the real at last !—

Where no sin the soul defileth,
Fears and doubts perplex no more ;
Where no tempter's art beguileth,
War's fierce tumults all are o'er :—

Where they know nor pain nor sickness,
Weary labour, bootless toil ;
Where the strength that boasts in weakness,
Shares at last the victor's spoil :—

Where they speak no words of parting,
Where they tell no tales of woe ;
Heaven's own balm doth heal the smarting
Of the wounds we knew below :—

Where the Lamb in glory dwelleth,
Who for us once bore the shame ;
Where each tongue in rapture telleth
All the honours of His Name :—

Where the blood-bought host for ever
Sing redemption's loftiest strain ;
Where nor time nor space can sever,
Christian, we shall meet again.

XL.

Home.

I HAVE a home beyond the skies,
A glad, eternal home ;
There suns do never set nor rise,
No darkness e'er can come.

I have a heavenly Father there,
There Jesus doth my place prepare,
My kindred there do dwell in light,
With holy angels pure and bright.

A pilgrim and a stranger here,
For my blest home I sigh ;
Grief lades my breast, and many a tear
Doth fill my longing eye.

But there the wanderings all are past,
The joy and peace for ever last ;
And ne'er a sigh or groan again
Shall tell of soul or body's pain.

No ills can come, no tempter there,
With cruel art beguiles ;
The happy souls no more shall fear
His rage, or e'en his wiles.
O blessed land ! no sin shall stain
Thy perfect purity again ;
Redemption's power shall well secure
What oath and promise now assure !

XLI.

BREAK this hard heart, my God !
Break it, and heal it too ;
Cleanse it with sanctifying blood,
And all my will renew.

Yes, I would subject be,
And know no will but Thine ;
Whate'er Thy love appoints for me,
Let not Thy child repine !

Then what of good I gain
Shall yield me good indeed ;
And Thou wilt send no more of pain
Than what Thou seest I need.

How blest at length to be
Beyond the reach of ill ;
When Thou shalt have performed in me
Thy wise and perfect will.

XLII.

THOU art not slow to bless me,
Thou dost not grudge to give ;
Thy words of love caress me,
I by Thy favour live.
The hands that made and fashioned,
'Tis they preserve me still !
With ceaseless good replenished,
Thou guardest me from ill.

Through life's still changing pathway,
Or skies be dark or bright,
Thou lead'st me safely onward,
To the blest world of light !
Thy Spirit in me dwelleth,
Pledge of the rest to come ;
And to my heart He telleth
The glories of my home.

In Jesus loved, forgiven,
Made by His hallowing blood

Meet for yon holy heaven,—
E'en now brought nigh to God,—
Oh ! let me love and serve Thee,
Extol and magnify ;
With life and lip confess Thee,
And on Thy word rely !

From that o'erflowing fulness
Thou hast in Jesus stored,
Oh ! let my soul be fillèd,
A guest at heaven's own board !
And while my thankful spirit
O'erflows in love to Thee,
My Saviour's death and merit
Spring of my bliss I'd see.

XLIII.

ROM. vi. 3, etc.

BAPTIZED into His death, we own
That we with Jesus died ;
His risen life that we might share,
In heaven now glorified.

Servants unto iniquity
Ourselves we yielded once ;
Now from the tyrant's power set free,
We all his claims renounce.

Alive to God, to Him alone,
Body and soul we give ;
In us His only will be done,
Through whose rich grace we live !

XLIV.

Light at Eventide.

AT evening time let there be light,
Whate'er my day may be ;
Then shine with rays of glory bright,
My soul's dear Sun, on me !

Grant me the cloudless sky, serene,
And fair as summer eve ;
Nor shadow pass my soul between,
And Him whom I believe !

Let faith be strong, and hope be bright,
In my last, dying hour,
Through Thee a victor in the fight,
Who knows the prize is sure.

Peaceful I'd lay me down to sleep,
And take my welcome rest ;
While soul and body Thou shalt keep,
Safe for Thy kingdom blest.

For Thou didst bow to death for me,
My endless life to gain ;
That I might all Thy glory see,
And in Thy kingdom reign !

XLV.

PASS not away, Thou gracious Lord,
I fain would Thee detain ;
Speak to my heart some loving word,
Thy presence I constrain !
Pass not away ;—for who beside
Can fill an aching heart ?

All creature springs in vain I've tried,
Gladly from these I part.

Pass not away ;—why did Thy light
So brightly on me beam ?
Without Thy rays my cheerless night
Hath not of joy one gleam.

Pass not away :—why didst Thou come ?
Oh ! was it not to stay ?
Make this poor heart Thy constant home;
Abide with me, I pray !

Pass not away ! whate'er offends,
Or grieves Thee, Holy Lord,
I'll cast it out with willing hands,
Henceforth to be abhorred.

Pass not away ! ah ! well I know
Thou would'st desire to stay ;
Long as I tarry here below,
My heart Thy throne alway.

When to Thy home on high I come,
We two shall never part !
O blissful hope—to be at home
Close to Thy loving heart !

XLVI.

Daily Bread.

“ DAILY bread for every day,”
Father, 'tis Thy gracious way ;
Thus Thou would'st Thy children free
From undue anxiety ;
Bring it joy, or bring it sorrow,
Thou providest for the morrow.

Teach us every day to bless
Thine own hand of faithfulness ;
Every gift from heaven above
Speaks a heavenly Father's love :
Love that feels our every sadness,
Love that joyeth in our gladness.

Ere the morrow we may be
From earth's sin and sorrow free ;
Safely gathered to the home,
Where nor foes nor fears can come ;
Where the sunshine never endeth,
Light with darkness never blendeth.

“ Daily bread for every day,”
This shall be Thy gracious way,
Till Thy children reach the shore,
Where their sorrows all are o'er ;
Where Thy ransomed tell the story
Of Thy boundless love in glory !

XLVII.

One Name.

ONE Name, one only Name I plead,
Before the throne of grace ;
How vast, how deep soe'er my need,
It meeteth all my case.

Without that Name I could not come
Before God's piercing eye ;
Lest I should meet His awful frown,
And 'neath His frown should die.

But in that Name I come, nor fear
To stand before His sight ;
Yea, e'en with boldness enter there,
His presence my delight.

This is the Name my Father gives,
To mention at His throne ;—
Jesus who died, who rose, who lives,
This Name I'll plead alone !

XLVIII.

“*I believe in the Holy Ghost.*”

SPIRIT of the living God,
In our hearts now shed abroad,
All the Father's love !

'Tis Thy part that love to tell,
Who dost in our bosoms dwell,
 Gentle, Holy Dove !

Spirit of our risen Lord,
Now with power apply the word,
 Jesus glorify !

Now His fulness let us know,
Take the things of Christ and show
 To our wondering eye.

Spirit of adoption Thou,
Let our filial spirits now,
 "Abba, Father!" cry;
With our spirits witness bear,
That the sons of God we are,
 Lift our prayer on high !

Nor alone Thy people bless,
Let Thy rich converting grace
 Here to-day be felt !

Now Thy mighty power exert,
Let the hard and frozen heart
 In contrition melt !

Glory to the Father be
Ceaseless through eternity !

Glory to the Son,—
Jesus Christ, our hope, our boast,
And to Thee, O Holy Ghost,
While the ages run !

XLIX.

The Storm.

FIERCE and fiercer grows the blast,
Darker grows the wintry sky,
Thunder clouds are hurrying past,
Charged with heaven's artillery ;
Louder than the tempest's roar
Breaks the wild sea on the shore.

Lord, how mighty is Thy hand
Puny, helpless things are we !
Ruler, Thou, of sky and land,
And of rude, tempestuous sea :
All obey Thy mighty word,
Own Thee as their sovereign Lord

When Thy thunder's in the heaven,
When the vivid lightnings play,
When the clouds are wildly driven
O'er their dark and troubled way,
They're but creatures of Thy will,
They Thy pleasure all fulfil.

So when o'er life's chequered path,
Sorrows by Thy hand are strewn,
They shall tell us—not of wrath—
Since our Father's love is shown,
By whate'er His wisdom sends !
All must work His gracious ends.

Faith will hear the welcome voice,
“ It is I, be not afraid ; ”
’Mid the tempest she’ll rejoice,
Nor by dangers be dismayed ;
He who rides upon the blast
Holds us by His power so fast !

L.

The Battle.

I ASK not for the warrior's sword,
The well attempered steel ;
But skill that better sword to wield,
That smiteth but to heal !—

That sword of keener edge by far
Than warrior's polished blade ;
With this equipped, in fiercest war,
I'm more than conqueror made.

I ask not for the fame that's won,
On earth's sad battle fields ;
Yet seek I, till the conflict's done,
Courage that never yields.

I ask to fight where he that's slain
Doth conquer, when he dies ;
And garments rolled in blood proclaim
That there a victor lies.

I ask not for the arm that's strong
With nature's proudest might ;
"The Lord's my banner" be my song,
In thickest of the fight.

I ask to fight where Jesus fought,
Long as this life remains ;
Then to His home of glory brought,
To reign where Jesus reigns.

LI.

SPENDING and ever spent,
My God, for Thee I'd be ;
And deem each precious moment lent
But for eternity.

To Thee, my God, I'd give
The remnant of my days ;
Or brief they be, or long, I'd live,
To tell my Saviour's praise.

From shame and curse and death
Redeemed by precious blood,

Mine be the walk, the life of faith,—
Fruit of Thy love, my God !

LII.

“ One shall be taken and the other left.”

PARTED for ever,
Agony wild !
Brother from sister,
Father from child ;
Husband from wife shall be,
Friend from his friend,
Parted eternally,
World without end !

One in God's Kingdom bright
Ever shall shine ;
One in grief's endless night
Ever shall pine ;
One with the lost to dwell,
In long despair ;
One the Lamb's praise to tell,
Joyful for e'er.

Love gave the warning
Faithful and clear ;
Heard but with scorning,
Or with deaf ear ;
Now shall the scoffings cease,
Mockings be o'er ;
Past the sweet day of grace,
Closed Mercy's door !

See the dread day of wrath
Darkens the sky ;
Swift on His fiery path,
Comes the Judge nigh.
Trembling and horror seize
Each Christless soul ;
As the fierce lightnings flash,
The deep thunders roll.

Safety and shelter they
Vainly implore ;
Fall on us rocks and hills,
Cover us o'er ;

Hide from His presence, who
Sits on the throne;
For the Lamb's day of wrath
Surely is come!

LII.

Praise.

O GOD, our God, Thy name we praise
Of wisdom, power, and love;
The songs that men or angels raise
Exalted far above!

We see Thy glory everywhere,
With glad and wondering eye;—
The meanest bird that cleaves the air,
The stars that deck the sky;—

The flowers that fill the lap of spring,
The trees with thousand leaves;
While nature's harp from every string,
Its sweetest music gives.

Unnumbered forms of beauty strike
With rich delight the mind :
O God, who unto Thee is like,
So strong, so wise, so kind ?

And yet creation fails to tell
One half Thy glory, Lord ;
The lines its wonders that reveal
Are written in Thy word !

For Jesus Thy salvation there
Is to the lost made known !
And there the links of love appear,
Which bind us to Thy throne.

There Thy full wisdom shines serene,
With pure undimmèd ray ;
And there the path of light is seen,
Which ends in perfect day.

There grace, and love, and power combine
Their rich and varied store ;
A treasure infinite, divine,
And lasting evermore !

LIV.

BEFORE Thine awful Majesty,
In dust and ashes would I lie,
Owning my guilt and shame :
Turn not, O God, Thy face away,
Hear me, as for Thy grace I pray,
Hear me in Jesus' name !

Low in the dust I write my name,
Nor from Thy hand one gift I claim,
Thy wrath my sole desert :
Yet since Thy Son for sinners died,
His death's my plea—I've none beside—
That Thou Thy wrath avert.

From ruin saved, and this distress,
For evermore Thy name I'll bless,
And tell what grace has done :
And this my humble praise shall be
Sweeter than angels' songs to Thee,
Who ne'er such grace have known.

So shall Thy vast perfections be
My soul's most blest security,
 My joy, my trust, my song ;
Mercy and truth that here embrace,
And grace that reigns through righteousness,
 My praise shall aye prolong !

LV.

“In ebery place Incense shall be offered unto Me, and
 a Pure Offering.”

SWEET to think with each glad morning
 Thousands bow the suppliant knee ;
And at every night’s returning,
 Bring their thankful praise to Thee ;
Sweet to know to Thee there riseth
 Incense fresh o’er land and sea !

Where the widow and the orphan
 Lowly bending seek Thy face ;
Where the poor, the sick, the suffering,
 Look to Thee, Thou God of grace,

Where the sinner seeks Thy mercy,
Hear in heaven, Thy dwelling-place !

Where in dreary dungeon pining,
Some poor captive sighs to Thee ;
Help no more from man expecting,
Grant him his true liberty ;
In his heart Thy truth revealing,
Make him now and ever free !

Sweet to think that none can ever
Seek Thy face, O God, in vain ;
And to know that Thou dost never
One poor suppliant's prayer disdain ;
Freely still and ever giving
Joy for grief ; and ease for pain !

Sweet to know that richest mercies
All through Christ Thy Son proceed ;
Mercies free and without number,
Meeting all Thy children's need ;
Let those mercies vast and boundless
Ever be to us decreed !

LVI.

“*Let there be light.*”

‘TWAS God who said, “Let there be light !”
And light at His command arose ;
The darkness took its hasty flight,
Nor could His sovereign will oppose.

Over the sinful soul of man
A deeper darkness yet doth brood ;
Lord, ’tis Thy power alone that can
Create the light, and call it good.

Yet, if Thou deign to speak the word,
The mighty work ’s for ever done ;
That work shall bring Thee glory, Lord,
When sinks in night yon blazing sun.

Oh ! speak the word :—let there be light !
To-day the darkened soul illume !
Scatter afar its shades of night,
Lest endless darkness be its doom !

LVII.

“Labour not for the Meat which perisheth.”

JOHN vi. 27.

NOT for the bread which perishes I'd labour,
As though it were man's chiefest, truest
good ;

But for that bread—gift of God's sovereign
favour,

Through His dear Son — the true and
heavenly food.

The bread that not by sweat of brow is
earnèd,

That cometh free to all, or rich or poor ;

Which by man's pride alas ! too oft is
spurnèd ;

This would I eat, and never hunger more.

Christ is the true bread ! His dear flesh was
given,

That famished, dying souls might eat and
live ;

No price He asks ; none is accepted even,
To all who freely take He'll freely give.

What love immense, divine, unsearchable,
That God's own Son for guilty man should
die !

To save from death, the Sinless for the sinful
The curse endures, sin's awful penalty.

Feed on this Bread ! the feast is ever ready,
See God before you sets the open door ;
He bids you enter, guilty, vile and needy,
Come ! for the day of grace may soon be
o'er.

Of the world's husks ye all too long have
eaten ;
Its dainties are but poison for the soul ;
Let earth's deceits of good no longer cheat
you,
. Come, eat the bread that makes and keeps
you whole !

LVIII.

The Harvest Past.

THE harvest is past and the summer is ended,
No longer the golden grain waves in the
sun ;

The reaper at length has his sickle suspended,
For the fields are all reaped, and his labour
is done.

The husbandman now sees the fruit of his
labour,
No longer shall gloomy fears trouble his
rest ;

For sowing and reaping alike now are over,
And the shout of the harvest song gladdens
his breast.

And God has a harvest I well do remember,
Of souls that are gathered for garners on
high !

My soul, dost thou look to be found in that
number,

When Jesus shall come in the clouds of the
sky ?

When that harvest is past, and that summer
is ended,

When safely shall garnered be each precious
grain ;

When the songs of the saints are with angels'
songs blended,

My soul, art thou looking to join in that
strain ?

LIX.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

CLAD in robes of spotless whiteness,

See the sons of God appear ;

Crowns of never-fading brightness

See before the throne they wear ;

Kings and priests to God for ever,

This their high and glorious name ;

Praise they now their Lord and Saviour,—
Sing His never-dying fame.

Golden harps melodious sounding,
Music fit for heaven they make ;
Hark their theme :—Grace, grace abounding,
Every sweetest tone doth wake :
Hearts and voices blend together
There in holiest accord ;
Joy that knows no end or measure,
In the presence of their Lord.

Now they gaze in reverent wonder
On that once much marrèd face ;
Now with deep amaze they ponder
All the debt they owe His grace ;
Love and joy their souls o'erfilling,
Bursts fresh praise from every tonguc ;
He His glory still revealing,
They His praises still prolong !

LX.

LUKE xxi. 1—6.

'TIS not the largeness of the gift
That winneth Thine approval, Lord ;—
Not anxious care, nor labour's thirst,
That meets at last Thy sure reward ;
But the heart's love all true and free
Alone 's acceptable with Thee !

E'en goodly stones and costly gifts
Could little joy to Thee afford ;
Nor much it pleased Thee when the rich
Their gifts into Thy treasury poured ;
Yet one poor widow's offering there
Unto Thy loving heart was dear.

The rich of their abundance brought ;
While she, of her deep penury,
Bringing two mites, Thy temple sought ;
And of her love so true and free,
Cast in her all, nor understood
How rich her gift to Israel's God.

Grant us that widow's faith and love,
Her humble trust, her liberal heart ;
Our narrowness forgive, remove,
And bid each selfish thought depart ;
That our poor service here may be
Like hers acceptable to Thee !

Poor is our wealth, and mean our gifts,
Our warmest love is faint and cold ;
Thou who for us Thyself didst give,
Thou Lamb, whose blood hath worth un*reck*ed,
Taught by Thy love so true, so free,
We'd give ourselves, our all, to Thee !

LXI.

“An Hiding-place.”

ISA. xxxii. 2.

THOU art my Hiding-place !
Once far from Thee,
With guilty fears oppressed,
I sought to flee :

Now in Thy Son brought nigh,
No more I'd roam ;
But dwell beneath Thine eye,
A child at home.

Thou art my Hiding-place,
When storms are nigh ;
My Refuge in distress,
To Thee I fly ;
The tempest's rudest shock
Shall not alarm ;
With Thee my Tower, my Rock,
To save from harm.

Thou art my Hiding-place,
Thou Saviour slain ;
Preservèd by Thy grace,
I would remain
Within Thy wounded side,
Once cleft for me ;
Thou who for me hast died,
My safeguard be !

Thou art my Hiding-place ;
Secure in Thee,
E'en the dread day of wrath
 In peace I'll see ;
Then through eternity,
 My lips shall praise
Thee who dost live to be
 My Hiding-place !

LXII.

Glory,
“GLORY, glory, glory !”
 O what means that song ?
Chanted in full chorus
 By the heavenly throng :
Glory unto Jesus,
 Endless ages long,—
To the Lamb for sinners slain !

“Glory, glory, glory :”
 Hark the ceaseless strain,

Sung by saints in glory,
Far from sin and pain;
Where nor fear nor danger
Them shall threat again;
To the Lamb for sinners slain!

“Glory, glory, glory :”
May I join the praise,
Which for aye in glory
All the ransomed raise,
Ere in yonder heaven,
On the Lamb I gaze?—
The Lamb who once for sin was slain.

“Glory, glory, glory !”
Sinner though I am,
Guilty, vile and worthless,
Saved from guilt and shame,
I e'en here may praise Him,
Tell His lofty fame:—
Jesus, Lamb for sinners slain !

LXIII.

When Stormy Winds are raging.

WHEN stormy winds are raging,
 Abroad o'er land and sea ;
This thought my fears assuaging,
 Brings holy peace to me ;—
The winds from out God's treasure,
 The lightnings of His wrath,
Do but fulfil His pleasure,
 Nor leave their ordered path.

Ah ! well our griefs He knoweth,
 Each blast that us assails ;
And when His rough wind bloweth,
 How quick our courage fails :
So His rough wind He stayeth,
 In His rude east wind's day ;
And thus our fears allayeth,
 And saves from dark dismay.

Oh ! blest the souls that know Him,
 Who on His word rely ;

For them His love's sweet sunshinc
Beams from the stormiest sky :
The clouds that o'er them hover,
That seem so full-of dread,
Are but the wings that cover
Their well-defended head.

Beneath that blest protection,
No fears shall them alarm ;
He raiseth to defend them
His high almighty arm :
The souls He loves in Jesus
Thus in His care are blest ;
To them He gives sweet foretastes
Of heaven's eternal rest.

LXIV.

In Memoriam.

PASSÈD from death to life !
Exchange how sweet, how blest !
Ended the life-long strife,
Gainèd the promised rest.

The wilderness all past,
'Tis the true Canaan now ;
The goal is reached at last,
The crown is on his brow.

The golden harp is his,
And skill to strike its chords,
True to heaven's harmonies,
One sight of Christ affords.

He wears the robe washed white
In the atoning blood ;
Amongst the sons of light,
Confessed an heir of God.

And though to-day we mourn,
Ours is the joyful hope,
When Jesus shall return,
That we shall be caught up :—

Our Master's joy to see,
Our brother's joy to share,
In endless bliss to be,
With all the ransomed there !

LXV.

“Who shall Change our vile Body.”

(Literally, “The body of our humiliation.”—PHIL. iii. 21.)

DEEM not this body vile,
In God’s own image made,
For which by God’s own Son erewhile
Redemption’s price was paid.

His Spirit’s very shrine,
His earthly dwelling-place ;
Where He vouchsafes in power divine
To manifest His grace !

These members e’en that once
Sin’s hateful law obeyed,
Since His redeeming love we’ve known,
Members of Christ are made.

“The body’s for the Lord,”
His glory to display ;
'Mid ease enjoyed or pain endured,
It is the Lord’s alway.

He for the body is,
Oh! sweet and joyful thought;
And He will manifest as His,
What His own blood hath bought.

Glory like Christ's our Head
These bodies yet shall wear;
Humiliation's painful marks
Till He shall come we bear!

LXVI.

“Who are these, which are arrayed in white
Robes ? ”

WHAT glorious sight is this,
That meets my raptured gaze ?
Who are yon host, and what their bliss ?
What are the strains they raise ?

It is the ransomed throng,
Around the heavenly throne ;
Their song, the never-ending song,
That tells what grace has done.

I see the robes washed white
In the sin-cleansing blood ;
And not one stain doth meet the sight
Of the all-holy God.

I see the victor's palm,
Which every hand doth bear ;
And as I hear heaven's joyous psalm,
I would that I were there !

On earth I sing the grace,
Which sinners saved like me ;
But only in that glorious place
I all its wealth shall see.

My Saviour, now complete
The work of faith with power ;
And when Thy wisdom deems it meet,
Bring the long-promised hour !

LXVII.

Helplessness Confessed.

O NOT more helpless lies the bark,
The favouring gale requiring ;
Than we on life's sea rude and dark,
Thy mighty aid desiring.

We spread our sails the breeze to catch,
Yet vain our best endeavour,—
For nought we toil and pray and watch,
If Thou withhold Thy favour.

O Saviour, who life's stormy sea
Thyself erewhile hast crossèd,
Be Thou our helper now, while we
Still on its waves are tossèd !

In storm or calm be ever nigh,
Thy succour still be given ;
Guard us with Thine all-watchful eye,
And bring us safe to heaven !

LXVIII.

"My People shall be Satisfied with My Goodness."

SAVIOUR, fill my heart !
Fill it every day ;
Thou my Treasure art,
Be my joy alway !

Fill with light and love,
Fill with peace and grace ;
Idols far remove,
Let them have no place !

With Thyself me fill ;
Fill up every part,
Every crevice, Lord,
Of this longing heart

LXIX.

MY pardon's writ in Jesus' blood,
There full release I find ;

No power in earth or hell, my God,
What Thou dost loose can bind.

In vain the Accuser brings his charge.
I know and own it well ;
The blood that sets my soul at large,
Restrains the power of hell.

I triumph now in Him who bore
The curse, the wrath for me ;
How shall I triumph in that hour,
When I like Him shall be !

LXX.

STILL in hope he soweth,
Who in hope doth plough ;
Night and day it groweth,
Though he knows not how.
From the dark soil springing,
'Neath or heat or cold ;
Thirty, sixty, bringing,
Or a hundred fold !

Bright the hope appeareth
Of the harvest hours ;
How his heart it cheereth,
Quickens all his powers !
Sluggard hearts do ever
Lose this joyous hope ;
Sluggard hands shall never
Store the plenteous crop !

I would sow in hope too,
And in hope would plough ;
Though the seed should spring up,
Never know I how !
Morning, noon, and evening,
Let me patient sow,
E'en though which shall prosper,
God alone doth know.

He who gives the seed-time
Gives the harvest hours ;
Sends the needed sunshine
Nor withholds the showers.

Oh ! 'tis blest to labour,
Where though rough the soil,
Fruit to life eternal
Must reward the toil !

LXXI.

The Way Home.

I KNOW the way !
It leads to Thy right hand ;
Then why in this dark, dangerous land,
My God, should I delay ?

Safe is the road !
It leads from sin afar,
Where life and joys unending are,
Oh ! bring me there, my God !

This is the path !
Marked by His footsteps well,
Who died to save from death and hell,
And sin's deserved wrath.

How blest the end !
'Tis where the Lamb appears,
In glory through Heaven's endless years;
Thither my steps shall tend.

Lord, bring me there !
My heart cries out for home ;
To fetch me there, oh ! quickly come,
And turn to praise my prayer !

LXXII.

"I am come that they might have Life, and
that they might have it more abundantly."

JOHN x. 10.

BREAD of life, for sinners given,
Bread that camest down from heaven,
Souls by Thee alone are fed,
Mine be evermore this bread !

Fount of life, whose waters flow,
Pure and deep the desert through,

Their reviving power I'd prove,
Till I drink life's streams above.

Light of life, whose cheering ray
Guides me to eternal day,
Shine, oh ! shine within this heart,
Bid all darkness thence depart.

Word of life, whose mighty voice
Makes me tremble and rejoice,
Ever to this listening ear
Speak ; Thy servant, Lord, would hear.

Prince of life, who once didst give
Thine own life, that I might live ;
Thus my life I'd have in Thee,
Have it more abundantly !

LXXIII.

Submission.

GRACE beneath Thy hand to bow,
Who can give it, Lord, but Thou ?

Power to say, "Thy will be done!"
Father, 'tis Thy gift alone.

'Mid the tempest's fiercest shock,
Art not Thou my sheltering rock?
Thou my high Tower and Defence,
And my strength—Omnipotence?

When my heart's overwhelmed in me,
Let me succour find in Thee!
From the ends of earth I'll cry,
Be my Refuge safe and high.

Yet amid my sharpest grief,
Lord, I would not ask relief,
Till Thou bid the cloud depart,
Till Thou calm the anguished heart.

Though of all Thy hand bereave,
Thou Thy child canst never leave!
With Thy love's sweet presence blest.
'Mid the wearying toil I rest.

Father, in Thy child complete
All that seems Thee good and meet :
Be my will, through grace divine,
Ever swallowed up in Thine !

I shall praise Thee at the last,
When the storms of life are past !
Bless Thee for each hour of pain,
Own that every loss was gain.

Fully made like Jesus there,
In His glory I shall share ;
Far from toil and sin and woe,
Endless life in Him to know !

LXXIV.

Inscription for a Fountain.

WHO of this water drinks shall thirst again ;
But for the passing hour 'twill soothe his pain ;
While he that drinks the water Jesus gives
Shall never thirst ! the spring within him
lives !

LXXV.

“To Seek and to Save that which was Lost.”

SAVIOUR of the lost, to Thee,
From the wrath to come I flee
Lost and guilty, lo ! I come,
Save me from the sinner’s doom !
From the depths to Thee I cry,
Bring Thy great salvation nigh.

God on Thee my wanderings laid,
Hast Thou not my ransom paid ?
Has not Thy atoning blood
Satisfied the claims of God ?
Saviour, ’tis for such as I
Thou didst e’en consent to die.

Thee in love the Father gave,
Wandering souls to seek and save ;
Faithful saying ! it shall be
All my trust, my hope, my plea !
Sinner, I present my claim,
Saviour, shew how true Thy Name !

Shelter give, Thou Refuge blest,
Take me to Thy loving breast ;
'Twas Thy Spirit's voice within
Broke the long, long sleep of sin ;
Now Thy gracious work complete,
Let the lost his Saviour meet !

LXXVI.

"That Men (they) should Pray always and not faint."

NAY, give not o'er, because thy prayer
Unheeded seems to rise ;
Nor doubt it gains His holy ear,
Who lives above the skies.

There's not a sigh, a groan, a tear,
But He doth mark it well ;
He sees thine anguish, knows thy fear,
Better than thou canst tell.

Each longing in thy burdened heart
For what is good and true,

Full well He knows, and all thou art
Lies open to His view.

What though He keep thee waiting still,
He waiteth still to bless ;
Ere long, " He doeth all things well,"
Thou gladly shalt confess.

Thou must pray always and not faint,
'Tis His own charge to thee !
Tell to His willing ear thy plaint,
And wait His power to see.

God must avenge His own elect !
The grace that made them His,
Bids them all good things here expect,
And glory's endless bliss !

LXXVII.

Redemption.

REDEMPTION through the costly blood
Of God's Incarnate Son I gain ;

My title to the rest of God
I in His righteousness obtain ;
The Lamb who died on Calvary
Pardon and life hath won for me !

How well the law He magnified,
In every thought and word and deed !
Then 'neath its curse was crucified,
Thus meeting all my guilt and need ;
Believing, I rejoice, and bless
Jesus, the Lord my Righteousness !

Since He my mighty debt forgave,
My Lord's I would myself avow ;
No richer boon this heart can crave,
My Lord no richer can bestow,
Than that I serve Him now alone,
Till he shall me in glory own !

LXXVIII.

TILL Thou bid me go in peace,
Here at Thy dear cross I stay ;

Thou must give my soul release,
Thou must take my load away.

From Thy wounded side alone
Flowed the blood that sin could cleanse ;
Thou didst for my sin atone,
Thou must wash out all my stains.

Saviour, with Thy pitying eye,
Look on me, my sorrows heal !
Hear my heart's imploring cry,
All Thy pardoning love reveal !

LXXIX.

THIS is thine hour of sadness,
Of bitter grief and woe ;
Who now may bring thee gladness,
Or kindle Hope's sweet glow ?
Oh ! now for consolation,
Thy heart—where shall it turn ?
In this dread dispensation,
God's love—how shall it learn ?

Thy loved and loving round thee
Mingle their tears with thine ;
While yet thy thoughts confound thee,
Nor trace the Hand Divine.
O mourner, well He knoweth
The sharpness of thy pain ;
Deep as thy sorrow floweth,
He'll dry thy tears again.

The Love that loved thee ever
Is faithful still and true ;
The stress of sorrow never
Shall its strong bands undo :
It marked from everlasting
The way thy feet should tread ;
Each burden wisely poising,
Ere yet on thee 'twas laid !

Now be it thine to trust Him—
His love all-wise, supreme ;
To say, “E'en though He slay me,
I'll put my trust in Him.”

To save from endless sorrow,
He put His Son to grief ;
His hand shall bring the morrow
Of peace and sweet relief.

LXXX.

The Chamber of Death.

“ SHE is not dead but sleepeth,”
Though so fearfully still she lies ;
And the shadow of death it steepeth
Those late so radiant eyes.

“ She is not dead but sleepeth,”
Though the glad sun wake her not ;
And she heeds not the tears one weepeth
For her loss, our mournful lot.

“ She is not dead but sleepeth,”
Beside her gravè we’ll say ;
Christ Jesus His safe watch keepeth
Over the lifeless clay.

“She is not dead but sleepeth,”
O for the morning bright,
When the weeping sower reapeth
His harvest of full delight !

“She is not dead but sleepeth :”
Spite of the grief and the tears,
The heart within e'en leapeth,
For the joy of those endless years !

LXXXI.

“I believe . . . in the Resurrection of the Body.”
A THOUSAND years the dead have slept,
And still no sign of life they give ;
Her trust the Grave hath sternly kept ;
When shall the countless sleepers live ?

When to the work of Thine own hands,
Great God, wilt Thou have Thy desire ?
When wilt Thou break Death's iron bands,
And the last enemy's reign expire ?

“ God of the living—not the dead,”
We hail Thee ’mid a world of death !
Though long the promise be delayed,
Thy word is true that wins our faith.

Proud reason mocks our simple trust,
And fain would put our hope to shame ;
Long though they slumber in the dust,
Thou wilt at length Thy ransomed claim.

Jesus Thy Son is risen !—His death
Our endless life of bliss secures ;
That life—that heaven revealed to faith
As long as God Himself endures !

LXXXII.

The Song of the Redeemed.

O FOR the song the ransomed sing
Before the heavenly throne ;
Where day and night They praise their King,
And every harp from every string
Echoes His praise alone !

With robes washed white in Jesus' blood,
Behold the saints appear :
But the rich virtues of that flood,
Which cleansed their guilt-stained souls for
God,
Like us—they learned them here.
Secure in Christ, His people's Head,
His saints for ever stand ;
Or yet the world's dark ways they tread,
Or past these scenes of woe and dread,
They've gained the heavenly land.

The Hand that safely brought *them* through,
Who've reached yon peaceful shore,—
For *us* shall prove as strong, as true,
To us deliverance shall renew,
Till dangers all are o'er.

Then sing the song the ransomed sing,
Ye saints, while here below ;
Unite with heart and voice to bring
Salvation's glory to our King,
And His high praises shew !

LXXXIII.

Christ the Surety.

JESUS, who once to earth came down,
Our sins to purge away,
Who on the cross the victim hung,
And with the dead once lay,—

In triumph left the gloomy grave,
The Prince of life confessed ;
And all who trust His Power to save,
With Him are fully blest.

On the great work our Surety wrought
Our dearest hopes we ground ;
In vain His people's sins are sought,
They shall no more be found !

He now in heaven before our God
Appears for evermore ;
Pleads the full value of His blood,
And makes our entrance sure !

LXXXIV.

I HAVE a home of *peace*,
Beyond this troubled life ;
My Saviour soon will grant release
From present toil and strife.

I have a home of *light*,
No darkness cometh there ;
My Saviour sheds His glory bright
Throughout that mansion fair.

I have a home of *love*,
With friends I love so well ;
My Saviour soon will me remove,
With Him, with them to dwell !

Yet in that home of peace,
Of light and perfect love,
To see my Saviour as He is,
My chiefest joy shall prove :—

To see Him as He is,—
With all-enraptured sight ;

In heaven's true perfect harmonies,
To praise Him day and night.

LXXXV.

Not Here.

Not here, my heart, not here,
Has God assigned thy rest ;
Not in these realms of grief and fear,
But in His kingdom blest.

Though many a pleasant thing,
Gifts of His tender love,
Like flowers along my pathway spring,
Yet is my home above.

They speak a Father's care,
Bestowed upon His child ;
And oft with these the desert drear
Like paradise hath smiled.

And yet mine eye looks up,
My feet still onward press,

To reach the land so dear to hope,
Of peace and righteousness.

O Land of love and light !
The saints' eternal home ;
O'er thee there brood no shades of night,
In thee no griefs can come.

There reigns the King supreme,
How blessed is His sway !
And there the ransomed reign with Him,
Through heaven's glad endless day.

Shall I not soon be there,
In Thine own kingdom blest ?
My God, my Father, never here
An heir of heaven can rest !

LXXXVI.

To a Missionary.

FREIGHTED full with Gospel blessings,
On thy sacred mission go ;

Tell the tidings of salvation
To the sons of want and woe ;
Christ 's the Saviour,
Let the lost and guilty know !

Speak the vast unnumbered blessings,
Which in Jesus' Name reside ;
Pardon, peace, and life and glory,
Through His Name for sin who died ;
Tell the tidings,
Or men hear thee, or deride.

O'er earth's wide-extended furrows
Scatter thou the precious grain ;
Well the rich, the promised harvest
Shall requite Thy toil and pain ;
For this Master
Thou shalt never toil in vain !

Faint not, fear not, He is near Thee,
Still thy courage to uphold ;
In His cause whoe'er assail thee,
Thou canst never be too bold ;

Go and gather
Wandering sheep to Christ's true fold !

Gather fruit to life eternal,
Jewels for thy Saviour's crown ;
In His service weary never,
Lay with life thy service down ;
Then for ever
Tell in heaven His high renown !

LXXXVII.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

“OII ! whence that bright, exulting throng,
Encircling yonder throne ?
Who gave them power to sing that song
In heaven's own gladdest tone ?”

“Oh ! why in robes more white than snow
Doth every one appear ?”
They came from earth's long strife and woe,
To find their glory here.

They washed their robes in Jesus' blood,
Which cleanseth every stain ;
Nor to the searching eye of God
Doth e'en one spot remain !

Therefore they stand before His throne,
And serve Him day and night ;
With powers they ne'er before had known,
With unconceived delight.

Hunger and thirst oft felt before,
They ne'er shall feel again ;
No scorching sun with noon-tide power,
Nor heat again shall pain.

The Lamb that is amidst the throne
His ransomed flock shall feed ;
And where the living fountains rise,
Continually shall lead.

Their sorrows o'er ; nor sin, nor fear,
Shall them distress for aye ;
And God Himself shall wipe the tear
From every eye away !

LXXXVIII.

"By whom the world crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

I to the world with Him have died,
Who on yon tree of shame and pain,
For me in love was crucified,
That I might life eternal gain.

I cannot love the world and Him,
Whom men disown and set at nought ;
He for His own soul doth claim,
Which at so vast a price He bought.

The world to me was crucified,
When first to His dear cross I fled,
And gazed upon the Lamb who died,
And knew it was for me He bled.

O keep me, Saviour, near Thy cross !
There let me all Thy love discern ;
Then earth's best good I'll count but dross,
And Thy true worth this heart shall learn.

LXXXIX.

Ebenezer.

ON that love relying,
Which thus far hath brought us,
In each hour so trying,
Guarded, guided, taught us,
Fear and gloom shall pass away,
As the darkness flies the day.

On His might depending,
E'en though foes alarm us,
He His own defending,
They shall never harm us ;
Theirs the sure defeat must be,
Ours the song of victory.

In our Covert hiding,
Whatsoe'er assail us ;
In His word confiding,
Which can never fail us ;
We shall praise Him at the last,
When all sorrow's overpast.

Living then or dying,
He to Christ who gave us,
In each hour so trying,
Still will love and save us ;
Yes, the purchase of His blood
Safely must be brought to God !

XC.

For the National Fast.

A.D. 1865.

LOOK, Lord, with pitying eye
Upon Thy people down ;
As at Thy throne we prostrate lie,
Our guiltiness to own.

Oh lend a gracious ear
To our request we pray ;
Nor from the penitential tear
In silence turn away.

We know that Thou art just,
E'en though Thou use the rod ;

We place our mouth low in the dust,
And own that Thou art God !

Far less than we deserve
Is Thy severest blow ;
Rich mercy yet Thou dost reserve,
That mercy now bestow !

Behind the darkest cloud,
That hides Thee from our sight,
Our hearts though now with sorrow bowed,
Do know that there is light.

Our guilt so deep forgive,
Our sore backslidings heal ;
Through Him in whom alone we live
Afresh Thy grace reveal !

XCI.

“*Lo ! I am with you always.*”

PRESENT, though far away,
Absent Thou art, yet near ;

Then why in trouble's darkest day,
O Saviour, should we fear?

No change Thy love hath known,
Its sun is always bright ;
The mists of unbelief alone
Could hide the glorious sight.

Mind cannot search Thy love,
'Tis measureless and free ;
Our joy below, our song above,
It shall for ever be.

No price our hands could bring
Could e'er that love secure ;
It brings us every precious thing,
It shall for e'er endure.

Help us Thy love to trust,
To order all things well ;
Till with the spirits of the just
Thy praise in heaven we tell !

XCII.

Home.

HEAVEN is my home !
There, there I lift my eyes,
My home beyond the skies ;
Land where no more they reck of death,
Land every day more dear to faith,
Land of unclouded light,
Land of the undimmed sight.

Heaven is my home !
Land of the endless song,
Land of the martyr throng ;
No troubled sky, no clouded sun,
Land where the feast is never done ;
Land of the pure, the true,
Land of the chosen few.

Heaven is my home !
Land where life's blessed tree
Bears its fruit rich and free ;

Land where life's pure and crystal flood
From its deep spring, the throne of God
And of the Lamb, doth roll
To satisfy the soul.

Heaven is my home !
Land of the service blest,
Land of the endless rest ;
Home where they meet no more to part,
Where is no sad regretful heart ;
Where tears ne'er dim the eye,
Hushed is the groan, the sigh.

Heaven is my home !
My Saviour Christ is there ;
His joy I'm called to share ;
Land where in peace and righteousness,
His children see their Father's face,
And shall for ever there
His unmarred image bear.

Heaven is my home !
Land where the angel band
Around my Saviour stand,

Ready to do His sacred will,
Their joy His pleasure to fulfil ;
Angels who here below
Watch o'er the way I go.

Heaven is my home !
'Tis there my kindred be,
They wait to welcome me ;
They've passed through Jordan's swelling tide,
And safely reached the other side ;
And He, my Saviour God,
Will bring me through the flood !

Heaven is my home !
Oh ! when shall I be there,
Amidst its scenes so fair ?
My Saviour ! do not long delay,
Come fetch Thy ransomed Church away,
Her blissful home to see,
To dwell at home with Thee !

XCIII.

“All my Springs are in Thee.”

PSALM lxxxvii. 7.

My springs are all in Thee, my God ;
Those waters fresh and free
Rise from Thy love’s unfailing depths,
And ever rise for me.

My springs are all in Thee, my God ;
Why should I faint or fear,
While the best source of every good,
Himself, is ever near ?

My springs are all in Thee, my God ;
Thou bidd’st me freely take
The living, soul-reviving streams,
My deepest thirst to slake.

My springs are all in Thee, my God ;
Earth’s pleasures, honours, gold,
Are broken cisterns at the best,
They can no water hold.

My springs are all in Thee, my God ;
Through Jesus to me still
Peace, joy, and comfort ceaseless flow,
The cure of every ill.

My springs are all in Thee, my God ;
O never let me roam
Afar from Thee, my only Good,
So fully blest at home.

My springs are all in Thee, my God,
And ever shall remain ;
Till life's blest springs I drink above,
And never thirst again !

XCIV.

AWAKE, my soul, and sing,
Thou hast kept silence long ;
Redeeming grace, redeeming love,
Demand thy gladdest song.

Sing how the Father gave
His only Son for Thee ;

How Jesus died His sheep to save,
The True, Good Shepherd He !

Sing how the Spirit dwells
Within thy pardoned breast ;
How He thy Saviour's glory tells,
And leads thee to His rest.

Sing of the precious blood,
The costly righteousness,
Thy title and thy plea with God,
Why He should ever bless.

Sing of the way He leads
His chosen, ransomed band ;
How He in richest pastures feeds,
Through all this weary land.

Sing how His love restores
The foolish wandering sheep ;
How He engageth all His powers,
For glory them to keep.

Praise, praise thy covenant God,
The Father, and the Son,
The Holy Ghost, for e'er adored,
The glorious Three in One !

XCV.

The Church-yard.

THE pleasant flowers spring freshly here,
Upon the mournful sod ;
'Neath lies the dust of friends so dear,
Whose spirits are with God.

Affection twines the fadeless wreath,
Or plants the verdant tree ;
But Faith can witness here that death
At length shall conquered be.

'Tis through His name alone who died
For us, and rose again,
She looks for glory at His side,
When He shall come to reign.

O wondrous thought, the silent dust
Shall yet His voice obey ;
The guardian tomb shall yield its trust,
In His own glory's day !

Where shame and sorrow now we see,
Glory and joy shall meet ;
The place that marks death's victory
Shall see his worst defeat.

XCVI.

How long ?

How long, O Lord, how long
Shall Death our final foe,
So cruel and so strong,
Fill us with tears and woe ?

Oh ! when shall cease the unequal strife,
And death be swallowed up of life ?

How long, O Lord, how long
Of man's proud tyranny,

Of grief, and crime, and wrong,
Must we cry out to Thee ?
Oh ! when shall Christ Thy Son appear,
And bring redemption's promised year ?

How long, O Lord, our God,
Thy holy martyrs cry,
Shall our outpourèd blood
All unavengèd lie ?
When shall the hours of respite cease,
And Thy Church gain her long release ?

How long, our God, how long ?.
Oh ! shorten this delay ;
Turn Thou our grief to song,
Turn Thou our night to day :
Weary, we long Thy rest to see,
Let not our hope ashamed be !

XCVII.

"Not as the world gibeth, give I unto you."

NOT as the vain world gives, 'Thou givest,
Lord !

Her proffered peace is but an empty word ;
Not seldom hers the dark deceiver's part,
Peace on the lips, but war within the heart.

Thy peace can quell each tumult of the soul,
And the fierce rage of hellish foes controul ;
E'en as of old the winds and waves did own
Thy voice, and sank in peaceful slumber
down.

"Peace be to you !" was Thine own wonted
word,

Stilling Thy poor disciples' fears, O Lord !
Thrice welcome, then, from Him late cruci-
fied,
Its token true—those wounded hands and
side !

Thy peace, O Christ, preside within this heart,
Each joy make real, and bid each fear depart,
Till I shall see Thee in yon home of peace,
And trials, conflicts, fears, for ever cease !

XCVIII.

Suggested by the Sudden Death of a Friend.

Is it not well sometimes to think,
Except the Master comes, I too must die ;
That I may now be on the brink
Of the cold grave, the portal of eternity ?

Is it not well amidst the strife—
The ceaseless strife and din of human things,
To contemplate the end of life,
The solemn close which each hour nearer
brings ?

Better, perchance, I'd learn to spend
These swift-winged hours of thought and toil,
If but I kept in view the end,
The promised crown of life,—the victor's spoil.

But late the Master sent for home,
One whom I loved, to His eternal rest ;
Scarce had he heard the summons, "Come!"
Ere safe he found him in his Saviour's breast !

And may I not like this my friend,
As suddenly be called from earth away ?

Oh ! to be ready, when the end,
Looked, or unlooked for comes, nor wish
delay !

XCIX.

OH ! what is life, that men would live,
And love its empty pleasures so ?
Why to the shadows should they cleave,
And let the precious substance go ?

What strange deceit hath filled the heart ?
What mighty spell the spirit binds ?
What foe with dark, malignant art,
Enchains and ruins deathless minds ?

Ah ! still the tempter spreads his snares,
And still repeats the flattering lie,
Heard with but all too willing ears,
“ O men, ye shall not surely die ! ”

Great God ! the power is Thine alone,
From dark destruction’s ways to turn;
O let Thy mighty power be shewn,
Ere Thine eternal anger burn !

C.

SAVIOUR, when shall I be
Like Thee, like Thee ?
To dwell eternally
With Thee, with Thee ?
Thine image perfect, pure,
In heaven to wear ;
Glory that must endure
With Thee to share.

Didst Thou not say it, Lord ?
“ Father, I will,

That those Thou gavest me,
(Thine are they still,)
Be with me where I am,
That they may see
The glory, which for e'er
I had with Thee?"

And shall that prayer of Thine
Unanswered lie ?
And shall our hope divine
For ever die ?
Ah no ! that vision bright
We soon shall see ;
And dwell in heaven's own light,
With Thee, like Thee !

CI.

PSALM xxiii.

JEHOVAH is my Shepherd Blest,
Therefore I nought shall need ;
By quiet streams He makes me rest,
In pastures fresh I feed.

My soul with His restoring grace,
Full oft He deigns to bless ;
And for His Name's sake me He leads,
In paths of righteousness.

Yea, though the valley of death-shade
I e'en am called to tread,
Thy presence there, Thy rod, Thy staff,
Shall banish all my dread.

A plenteous board Thy love appoints,
In presence of my foes ;
My head with oil Thy love anoints,
My cup of joy o'erflows.

Goodness and mercy through life's road,
Shall all my steps attend ;
And in Thy house my glad abode
Shall never have an end !

CII.

The Bondage broken.

OTHER lords beside the Lord
Once o'er us dominion held ;
Now be all their chains abjured,
Now to Him ourselves we yield.

Lust and pride and envy once
Bore in us their fearful sway ;
Now their empire we renounce,
Christ's blest precepts to obey.

Once the world's vain pomp and show
Won and kept our subject hearts ;
Truer glory now we know,
And the world's vain love departs.

Christ's own blessed law of love,—
Perfect law of liberty,—
Now should all their actions move,
Whom the Son Himself made free.

Easy is the yoke He'll bind,
Light the burden that He gives ;
He who bears with humble mind,
Rest unto his soul receives.

CIII.

“Why art thou cast down, O my Soul ?”

OH ! why art thou cast down, my soul ?
And why disquieted in me ?
Thy God can make thy deep wounds whole,
He is not far who helpeth thee.

Deep unto deep may ceaseless call,
His waves and billows o'er thee roll ;
He knows thy griefs, He orders all,
Then, why art thou cast down, my soul ?

Dark though yon cloud, it wears no frown,
This cup contains no wrath for thee ;
Then why, my soul, art thou cast down ?
And why disquieted in me ?

Hope thou in God! for thou shalt yet
Praise Him, who stilleth sorrow's flood ;
He on the Rock thy feet shall set,
Health of thy countenance and thy God !

CIV.

“Fight the Good Fight of Faith.”

A SERVANT and soldier of Christ,
His service I'd never forgo ;
His grace which thus far hath sufficed,
Shall suffice to the end I well know.

Though feeble and often cast down,
(Poor nature, how quickly she tires !)
The thought of yon glory and crown
In my bosom fresh courage inspires.

By faith in the blood of the Lamb,
I'm looking each triumph to win ;
My hope shall be ne'er put to shame,
Till I've done with all conflict and sin.

'Tis not at my charges I fight,
My Lord all my wants doth supply ;
By His irresistible might,
I shall conquer, e'en though I should die.

O joyful that morning shall be,
More bright than on earth ever dawned,
When Christ in His glory I see,
And am with Him for ever enthroned.

Then let me not shrink from the toil,
And never faith's warfare forgo ;
Full soon I shall share in the spoil,
He won for His people below.

His blessed "well done!" shall reward
How richly all suffering and loss ;
Then still let me follow my Lord,
And cheerfully take up His cross !

CV.

The Christian Labourer's Evening Song.

ONCE again the setting sun
Speaks our daily labour done ;
Once again with heart and voice,
Let us in our God rejoice.

For the strength to labour on,
Till the toilsome day was done ;
For the quiet and repose,
Which He giveth at its close ;—

For the bread our strength to feed,
For the raiment that we need,
For the hope of better life,
Past the weary toil and strife ;—

Blessèd hope to dwell in heaven
Through His Son redeemed, forgiven ;—
Bowing lowly at His throne,
Let us all His goodness own !

Lord, Thine angels charge to keep
Watch around us while we sleep ;
When the morning glads the skies,
Bid us from our sleep arise.

When our labour here is done,
Sunk our life's last setting sun,
Grant, for Jesus' sake, we pray,
We may rise to endless day !

CVI.

The Trump of Jubilee.

HARK ! the trump of Jubilee
Tells that ransomed souls are free ;
Loud proclaims a sweet release,
Bids the captive, " Go in peace ! "

Purchased by the priceless blood
Of the atoning Lamb of God,
Slaves may claim their liberty ;
'Tis the truth that makes them free.

To the souls by sin oppressed
Jesus gives a lasting rest ;
At His word their setters fall,
Ended now their fearful thrall.

Who would love sin's fatal chains ?
Who would choose eternal pains,
Now the trump of Jubilee
Makes the lawful captive free ?

CVII.

Mercy.

MERCY is my song for ever,
God's sweet mercy failing never,
Nought from it my soul shall sever.

Mercy brought me full redemption,
From the curse complete exemption,
Justice ne'er my crimes shall mention.

From its Fountain-head and Giver
Mercy flows like some deep river,
Meeting all my wants for ever.

Mercy gives for heaven true meetness,
Here below of joy completeness,
'Tis a cup o'erfilled with sweetness !

Mercy for each day provideth,
Fail what may, she still abideth,
Gently all my fears she chideth.

Mercy still my soul receiveth ;
For His sake on high who liveth,
God my often sin forgiveth.

Though I walk on earth a stranger,
Passing through these scenes of danger,
I am no unguarded ranger.

Mine at last yon habitation,
Where the heirs of God's salvation
Gathered are from every nation.

Mercy there my feet is bringing,
Where His praise I shall be singing,
Where heaven's anthem still is ringing !

CVIII.

For blessing on the word Preached.

SPIRIT of life and grace,
Thou Holy Comforter,
Let Thine own presence fill this place,
Bestow Thy blessing here.

Come, Thou all-quicken^g breath,
Breathe on the slain we pray ;
'Tis Thine to raise the soul from death,
To turn its night to day.

'Tis Thine to show our sin,
Our helpless guilt to tell ;
His perfect righteousness to show.
His blood, who saves from hell.

In vain Thy servants preach
The words of life and grace ;
The outward ear alone they'll reach,
Except Thou deign to bless.

Then speak, O Holy Ghost,
With Thy resistless power ;
Quicken the dead, restore the lost,
In this accepted hour !

CIX.

“Go where Glory calls thee.”

Go where glory calls thee !
Christ’s own soldier, go ;
Since He’s gone before thee,
Fear thou not the foe :
Take thy weapons, soldier,
God’s own panoply ;
Thou shalt thus preparèd
More than conqueror be !

World and flesh and devil
Are thy subtle foes ;
Yet the powers of evil
Vainly shall oppose :

Though thou'rt nought but weakness,
Girt with God's own might,
They shall fall before thee,
Or be turned to flight.

Powers of light and darkness
Mingle in the fray ;
Be thy heart still dauntless,
Christ has won the day :
There thy Captain calls thee,
Where brave hearts and true,
On His strength relying,
Brave deeds dare and do :—

Where in God exulting,
Faith the blow hath dealt ;
And the foe insulting
Her great might hath felt :
Where though faith's stern conflict
Grows each day more fierce,
Not the sharpest arrow
Her strong shield can pierce.

Go where glory waits thee,
When the battle's done ;
See thy Lord prepares thee
Life's unfading crown :
Angels there are waiting,
Glad they'll welcome thee ;—
Join in celebrating
There thy victory !

CX.

Suggested by a Visit to an Aged Blind, but very
Happy Christian Woman.

As oft on lonely mountain's height,
Or 'mid the desert drear and wild,
Some fair, sweet floweret meets Thy sight,
By man's touch undefiled :—

So, in the garden of Thy grace,
Full many a plant may bloom and die ;
Fanned by no breath of mortal praise,
Scanned by no human eye.

Thou hast Thy hidden ones :—the day
That comes shall all Thine own reveal ;
Shall all Thy thoughts of grace display,
Our hopes in glory seal.

Like tender plant—Thine only Son—
Or root from dry and thirsty ground,
Bloomed for the eye of God alone,
Where man no beauty found.

Enough, that in Thy people Thou
Wilt well the work of grace perform ;
Or joys elate, or sorrows bow,
In sunshine or in storm !

CXI.

“In whom we have Redemption through His
Blood.”

REDEMPTION’S full price I behold in the blood,
Which Jesus for sinners once shed ;

This one precious truth frees the heart from its
load,

That Jesus the Victim has bled !

When guilt on the conscience by God is once
laid,

And He to the soul draweth near ;

The things that we trusted but make us afraid,
And worthless our best works appear.

'Tis the blood of the Lamb that was spotless
and pure,

Which only for sin could atone ;

Cleansed from guilt in that flood, from judg-
ment secure,

We fearless approach to the throne.

And when at the last with the garments washed
white,

In the presence of God we appear,

Oh ! then we shall own with unbounded delight,
'Twas the blood of the Lamb brought us
there !

CXII.

Gethsemane.

THOU could'st not hear that prayer,
“Father, I pray,
Let this cup pass away !”

Though 'twas Thy perfect Son, Thou could'st
not spare !

O love surpassing thought,
For us to smite
The Son of Thy delight !

O price so vast at which our souls were
bought !

O love of God's own Son,
That drank quite up
For us that bitter cup !

That said, “Father, Thy will, not mine, be
done !”

Thou Spirit of our God,
Put forth Thy powers
In these cold hearts of ours !
And shed, oh shed therein God's love abroad !

Yea, teach us all that love !
E'en here below
We would its fulness know ;
Our joy, our wonder, and our song above !

CXIII.

“ He shall Testify of Me.”

To our Emmanuel's Name,
Whose death hath set us free
From endless curse and shame,
Eternal praises be !
His Name to bless, be heart and mind
In holy unison combined !

Great Comforter, reveal
To each believing heart

The things so true, so real,
In which we bear our part ;
'Tis with the precious things of Christ
Alone these hearts can be sufficed.

Shew us that precious blood
And perfect righteousness,
E'en now before our God,
Our rich and costly dress ;
And how complete in Him we stand,
Who now appears at God's right hand.

Tell of the joys to come,
The Church's bridal day ;
And how to her bright home
She shall be called away ;
The kingdom and the glory hers,
When Christ her Lord at length appears :

CXIV.

MATT. xxvii. 42.

“ HIMSELF He cannot save !”
Oh ! taunt how keen, how true ;
Worthy the lips of those
Who now their hands imbrue
In blood of God’s own spotless Lamb,
Forsaken there of God and man.

“ Himself He cannot save ;”
O cruel, bitter scorn !
Yet by that Holy One
In meekest patience borne ;
Oh well their scoffing might they spare,
’Twas love to them that brought Him there !

Himself He would not save,
From all that man could do ;
From Satan’s fiercest rage,
From God’s own vengeance too :

The gathered cloud so long delayed
Broke on our Surety's blessed head.

“ Himself He cannot save ! ”
No note of loftier praise
To His thrice blessed Name
Can His redeemèd raise :
To save their souls from endless woe,
That bitter death He'll not forgo.

“ Himself He cannot save ! ”
No theme of holier joy
Shall through eternal days
His ransomed Church employ :
’Tis by His death she lives alone,
The cross hath won for her the crown !

CXV.

“ As thy Days so shall thy Strength be.”

DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

SWEET the promise is to me,
“ As thy days thy strength shall be ; ”

By the day I'd live, O Lord,
Trusting to Thy faithful word.

Pilgrim wants and pilgrim cares
Are not many, yet prove snares,
Save in humble trust they be
Ever cast, O Lord, on Thee.

Though each day must bring me still
Care enough, enough of ill:
Yet for bright or darker days
All sufficient is Thy grace.

Let me not the morrow's load
Bear to-day, but leave with God,
What in love and wisdom true,
He hath hidden from my view.

Banish unbelief and doubt,
Cast each hateful idol out;
With Thy presence ever blest,
Let this anxious heart have rest.

None can harm when Thou art near ;
Having Thee, I need not fear ;
In Thy strength I'll journey on,
Telling what Thy love has done.

Jesus ! Thou my portion art,
Let me own with grateful heart,
Well the promise suiteth me,
“As thy days thy strength shall be !”

CXVI.

Gershon.

THOUGH far from home and heaven,
“A stranger here” I roam,
Yet with each closing even,
 Nearer my rest I come :
Each swiftly passing season,
 Each week, each day that flies,
Shows to my clearer vision
 My mansion in the skies.

How should I e'er forget thee,
Thou city of my God ?
Or the rich grace that set thee,
The saints' dear glad abode ?
Here sadly though I wander
Through this death-stricken land ;
I have my true rest yonder,
On high at God's right hand.

Still onward, and still onward,
I'll urge my eager way ;
Nor in this land of danger,
Thoughtless may I delay !
Though foes around me gather,
And friends are faint and few ;
I trust Thy love, O Father,
Thy grace, to bring me through.

And though no perfect gladness
May be my portion here ;
Yet from heart-chastening sadness
I know there's nought to fear.

The cup my Father giveth,
I know He sees most meet ;
I know that e'en the bitter
Shall at the last be sweet.

CXVII.

MATT. vii. 14.

NARROW the way, my God,
That leads to Thee ;
And Thou to Thine abode
My Guide must be.

Thou who didst turn my feet from death's
dark way,
In danger's hour preserve me, lest I stray !

Narrow the way, my God,
Yet pleasant still
To faithful souls the road
To Zion's hill :

E'en Baca's arid vale they make a well,
While of Thy faithful love and might they tell.

Narrow the way, my God,
Yet none can err,
Who seek Thy light and truth,
To guide and cheer :
Oh ! let that light and truth throughout the
road
Show me the steps in which my Saviour trod.

Narrow the way, my God !
The end how blest !
All sin and sorrow past,
With Thee to rest :
The long eternal day no more to roam,
But dwell in peace within my Father's home !

CXVIII.

“There is Hope in thine End.”

THERE is hope in thine end, though in sorrow
and sadness
We lay thee to rest in thy long silent home ;

The thought of yon morning of infinite gladness

Doth lighten the darkness that broods o'er thy tomb !

There is hope in thine end, for all guilty and helpless,

Thou turnedst thine eye to the Crucified One ;

Beneath His blest cross thou soughtest thy shelter,

Thy trust was His blood of atonement alone.

There is hope in thine end, for the word of thy Saviour,

That none He would cast out who came unto Him ;

Was thy spirit's sure anchor, when heart and flesh failed thee,

The song of thy triumph, thy soul's gladdest theme.

There is hope in thine end ; all glory be given
To Him who once suffered to make thee His
own ;

Thy spirit now rests with thy Saviour in
heaven,

Thy Father's loved greeting hath welcomed
thee home.

There is hope in thine end, though in sorrow
and sadness.

We lay thee to rest in thy long silent home ;
Yon morn at its dawning shall bring nought
but gladness,

And scatter the darkness that broods o'er
thy tomb.

CXIX.

The Storm.

THE stormy wind fulfils His word,
O'er land and ocean sweeping ;
And owneth Him the Sovereign Lord,
Who holds it in His keeping.

Then rest, my heart, be calm and still,
In His sure word confiding;
All things are working out His will,
His time be thou abiding.

No power, He knows, who knoweth all,
Thee from His love can sever;
Each foe at length must prostrate fall,
Exalted thou for ever.

CXX.

MARK v. 25—34.

PRESS through the crowd ! one touch of faith
Shall perfect healing bring ;
To stand aloof is certain death,
Reach Him, life's only spring !

Long hast thou suffered, spent thine all,
Nought could thy woes relieve !
O come ! obey His gracious call,
“ Believe, and thou shalt live ! ”

He heals for nought thy dread disease,
 Comforts the trembling soul,—
“ Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace,
 And of thy plague be whole ! ”

The blood He shed shall stanch thy wounds,
 He'll calm the inward strife ;
Where sin abounded, grace abounds,
 E'en to eternal life.

“ I am the Lord that healeth thee,”
 Is still His cheering word ;
Banish thy fears ; trust, trust in Me,
 Your loving, gracious Lord !

CXXI.

A Marriage Song.

OH ! breathe ye the warmest wishes
 For the newly wedded pair ;
And let them be told in heaven
 To the God that answers prayer ;—

For the two who to-day are united
In the bonds of a holy love ;
Oh ! pray that the vows now plighted
Be heard and sealed above.

Henceforth life's rugged pathway
They'll tread it side by side ;
Or cloud or sunshine be o'er them,
Or sorrow or joy abide ;
Oh ! pray that the love be as earnest,
As fresh from the heart and pure,
As to-day its full stream gusheth,
And so to the end endure.

He wooed her and he won her ;
She was the choice of his heart :
Whom God thus binds together
Oh ! let man never part !
Nay, rather, as years go by them,
These love-bonds stronger grow ;
Still making joys more joyous,
And staying the stress of woe.

'Tis sweet methinks to see them,
As to-day in the trust of love,
They give themselves each to the other,
In the fear of their God above !
As to-day they joyfully enter
The holy married life,
The lawful wedded husband,
And the lawful wedded wife.

The blessing of God be upon them,
The fullest, the richest, the best,
Till they in His kingdom and glory,
For ever and ever are blest !
Still loving and serving the Saviour,
Whose blood hath redeemed them from
death ;
Still treading the path to the kingdom,
Still strong in His grace and faith.

Oh ! breathe ye the warmest wishes
For the newly-wedded pair ;
And let them be answered from heaven,
By the God that answers prayer !

For the two who to-day and henceforward
Are no longer two but one ;
That in them and by them for ever
The will of their God be done !

CXXII.

Daily Bread.

“ DAILY bread ” for daily need !
Thus Thy wisdom has decreed ;
Thou who knowest all my want,
Promisest my need to grant.

“ Daily bread ; ” here let me see,
Lord, Thy constant love to me ;
Thus too my dependence learn,
Let me ne’er the lesson spurn !

“ Daily bread ; ” what need I more ?
Thine is an exhaustless store :
Thou wilt for the morrow care,
Who dost now my burden bear.

“ Daily bread ;” Thy love in Christ,
Which eternal needs sufficed,
Which my sin and ruin met,—
Can it present wants forget ?

“ Daily bread ” for daily need ;
Thus Thy mercy has decreed ;
Filled on earth from God’s rich store,
Soon in heaven I’ll want no more !

CXXIII.

HERE at Thy feet, my Lord, I sit,
Thou Heavenly Teacher, true and wise !
Thy words than music are more sweet,
Dearer than light to darkened eyes.

“ The words of God ” Thou speakest still,
How real the joy, the peace how deep !
The souls that wait to know His will,
Thy words as holiest treasure keep.

. The Father’s Name Thou dost declare,
Thy joy its wonders to reveal ;

That Name to learn be still my care,
Its grace to own, its power to feel.

Above earth's ceaseless strife and din
Thy Spirit's "still small voice" I hear,
Speaking my inmost heart within,
To quicken hope, to banish fear.

Here, till I know as I am known,
My Saviour, let me sit and learn :
Nor fail my growing debt to own,
Nor Thou Thy poor disciple spurn !

CXXIV.

I WOULD not leave the mercy seat,
When cease these lips to pray ;
But dwell in that most safe retreat,
Throughout the live-long day.

I would pray always,—watch to prayer,
And bring my sacrifice
Of holy praise, which God declares
Is pleasing in His eyes.

May I not dwell before His face,
Since made by grace divine
A priest of that most holy place,
That high and glorious shrine ?

CXXV.

"The Things Above."

THERE is a crown of life above,
And glory never fading ;
There is a land of light and love,
Dimmed by no sorrow's shading.

There is a home of loving hearts,
There is One Heavenly Father,
Who from this earth's wide-sundered parts
Doth all His children gather.

There is a rest for pilgrim souls,
A "better country" seeking ;
And He to that fair land who calls,
Still of its bliss is speaking.

There joy like sunshine fills the place,
And peace flows like a river ;
But of these precious gifts of grace
God is the only giver !

'Tis through the Lamb for sin once slain,
Who all our curse endurèd,
We look that endless bliss to gain,
In Him e'en now securèd !

CXXVI.

"*In the World ye shall have Tribulation.*"

TILL God the last tear wipes away,
And bids the springs of grief dry up,
My heart expecteth every day
Some bitter still in life's brief cup ;
Yet knowing all my lot below
He orders well—of joy or woe.

He gives, He takes ; in both He's blest !
He blesseth though with various hand ;
Here let my anxious spirit rest,
And leave her all to His command !

He must needs bless and guard and save
The souls that once to Christ He gave.

How blest at length His joy to gain !
To live for ever 'neath His smile !
Oh ! when shall I that joy attain ?—
Be still, my soul ! a little while,
His work of grace shall all be done,
And glory's endless day begun.

CXXVII.

Alone.

ALONE, yet not alone,
For Thou, my God, art near !
Thou mark'st the sigh, the tear, the groan,
Each secret spring of grief or fear.

The darkness does not hide
Me from Thy searching sight ;
Beneath Thy wings I would abide
Throughout the long and dreary night.

Oh! why should fears invade
This trembling, anxious breast ?
The soul that still on Thee is stayed
With Thy sweet peace is ever blest.

Thou knowest all my lot,
'Twas ordered all of Thee !
How can I be by Thee forgot,
Who lov'dst me from eternity ?

Life's trials sharp or long,
I know their only source ;
I know they'll sweeter make my song,
When earth's last storms have spent their
force.

Oh ! draw me closer still,
'Neath Thine enfolding wing :
There safe from e'en the fear of ill
I'll of Thy faithful goodness sing !

CXXVIII.

OH ! why so cold to Thee my heart ?
My God, so cold to Thee ?
Its love so ready to impart
To some poor vanity ?—
The thoughts that rise to Thee so few,
So tardy in their flight ?
Oh ! come Thy power display anew,
Blest Source of love and light !

Oh ! for the sweet constraints of love,
Oh ! for a fixèd heart,
That will not from its centre move,
That cannot from Thee part !
When, when shall these be mine, my God ?
When wilt Thou shew in me,
That hearts once cleansed by Jesus' blood
Belong alone to Thee ?

CXXIX.

My God knows all.

My God knows all, or joy or grief
Doth here His child befall ;
This one sweet thought brings sure relief,
 My God knows all !

When billows heave and tempests rise,
And deep to deep doth call ;
When heaviest night o'erspreads my skies,
 My God knows all !

When friends are weak and foes are strong,
Why then should fears appal ?
Still may I raise my holy song,
 My God knows all !

When pain and sickness e'en invade
This frame, which soon must fall ;
On this my trembling heart is stayed,
 My God knows all !

His ways unknown are all in Christ,
Who me His child doth call ;
Well is my heart with this sufficed,
My God knows all.

CXXX.

“*My Sheep hear My Voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.*”

I WOULD follow where Thou leadest,
Gracious Shepherd of the sheep ;
Where Thy ransomed flock Thou feedest,
There this soul in safety keep ;
With the power that never wearies,
With the eyes that never sleep.

’Twas Thy loving mercy sought me
Wandering far in sin’s dark road ;
’Twas Thy loving mercy brought me
Safely to the fold of God ;
Thou with such a price hadst bought me,
E’en Thine own most precious blood !

Love that never knew beginning,
Love that cannot have an end,
Shall unwearyed loving-kindness
Evermore to me extend ;
Sweet Thy gracious faithful promise,
Let me on its truth depend !

Where no dreaded foe can enter,
Where no want can ever be,
God Himself the Sum and Centre
Of my full felicity,
I shall dwell at last, my Saviour,
In eternal peace with Thee !

CXXXI.

Near Home.

Her sands of life run swiftly down,
Which turn not back again ;
Soon the dear spirit will have flown,
Afar from toil and pain ;
And the weary flesh shall rest in hope,
Till Christ shall come again.

Long hath she loved the precious Name,
So dear 'neath trial's load ;
And gladly owned His love's vast claim,
Jesus, her Saviour God ;
Able to succour and to save,
As when on earth He trod.

She sees her home beyond the skies,
Nor dreads the gloomy grave ;
She trusts His only sacrifice,
That her from death doth save ;
Joyeth in God, her God, who once
The Blessed Victim gave.

The Spirit to her heart reveals
The glories yet to come ;
Things hid from mortal sight displays,
And gently lures her home ;
And thus the present sorrow heals,
And far dispelleth gloom.

How sweet the grace that doth to her
This holy triumph bring ;—

Teacheth those pale and quivering lips,
With heavenly joy to sing,
“O Grave, where is thy victory ?”
“O Death, where is thy sting ?”

Full soon the conflict shall be past,
The pain, the grief be o'er ;
The promised crown be gained at last,
And reached the heavenly shore ;
And the dear Saviour's presence be
Her joy for evermore.

CXXXII.

Heaven.

FAR from earth's deep sadness,
Far from toil and woe,
Saints shall taste of gladness,
Only hoped below :
Where death enters never,
Curse no more shall come,

Ransomed souls for ever
Dwell with Christ at home !

See how life's fair river
Rolls its crystal flood,
Fresh and deep for ever
From the throne of God !
Where the Lamb enthronèd
Sits, who once was slain,
By all heaven ownèd,
Worthy there to reign !

See, beside that river
Life's fair tree doth stand ;
And its fruits for ever
Feed the ransomed band :
There no fiery cherub,
There no flaming sword,
From their constant access,
Life's blest tree doth guard.

There His servants serve Him,
Ceaseless, day and night ;

Sun nor lamp they need there,
The Lord God gives them light :
In His heavenly temple,
They His praises shew ;
Who for endless glory
Saved from endless woe.

How the glorious vision
Cheers the fainting breast !
And with glad fruition
Saints shall soon be blest :
'Tis His parting promise,
" Lo ! I quickly come."
Even so, Lord Jesus,
Quickly fetch us home !

CXXXIII.

" He shall bring all things to your remembrance."
COME, Holy Ghost, Thou blest Remembrancer,
Take of the things of Christ, and shew them
unto me ;

Open the inward ear, that I may hear,
Anoint my inward eyes, I would my Saviour
see !

Wearied of self, in Him this heart would find
Its true refreshing, pledge of glory's endless
rest ;

All gloom dispel, I pray, each bond unbind,
With conscious light and liberty I would be
blest.

Teach me that life, which here below He led,
Who for His people's sake fulfilled all right-
eousness ;

Shew me that precious blood for sinners shed,
My surest ground of peace, my plea why God
should bless.

Teach me of Him, my risen, living Lord,
By whom Thyself wast sent, more than to fill
His place ;

I know His glories fill Thy sacred word,
As in a mirror there shew me His lovely
face !

And teach me all His resurrection power,
His glorious intercession for His saints on
high ;
Thyself His gift,—His Church's richest
dower,
Abiding here, till He shall fetch her to the
sky.

Ungrieved, O Holy Ghost, may'st Thou still
dwell
Within the heart Thy wondrous grace hath
made its home ;
All good to strengthen, every ill to quell,
Till, faithful to His word, Christ shall in glory
come !

CXXXIV.

Salvation.

THE *joy* of God's salvation
My spirit longs to know ;
In holy exultation
To rise o'er grief and woe.
Oh ! what my heart should sadden,
While He my portion is ;—
With this my soul to gladden,
That I am wholly His ?

The *strength* of God's salvation
My spirit fain would prove ;
All power of dark temptation
To lift me far above :
Thus only shall I dread not
The tempter's fiery darts ;
Thus only shall I shrink not
Before his wily arts.

The *truth* of God's salvation
My heart doth well believe ;

In holy adoration,
I do His grace receive ;
My hope for ever resteth
On Him who for me died ;
My faith for ever trusteth
In Jesus crucified.

Oh ! rich and free salvation,
Whose wonders I shall own,
When I shall take my station
Before the sacred throne :
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praises be,
For all I shall inherit,
For all e'en now I see !

CXXXV.

The Journey.

THROUGH pain and oft distress,
Through toil and weariness,
Through woe and strife,

To yonder land of day,
Bright with celestial ray,
We urge our onward way,
Through death to life !

Our Captain's gone before,
On high for evermore
 He now appears ;
He leads His conquering band,
With safe, though unseen hand ;
Who bow to His command,
 Need feel no fear.

Nor strength nor skill we claim,
'Tis in His mighty Name
 We triumphs win ;
O'er Satan and his host,
O'er sin and death we boast,
Strong in the Holy Ghost,
 Who dwells within.

But sweet the hour shall be,
When from all conflict free,
 With Christ we rest !

When He shall call His own
To share His royal throne,
To wear their blood-bought crown,
Supremely blest.

CXXXVI.

The Burial of a Saint.

ONCE more the precious grain we sow
In the dark furrows of the ground ;
Till through the realms of death below,
The last great trumpet shall resound.

We sow in tears—for sin brought death,
And every pang our nature feels ;
Yet bless we Him who to our faith
Pardon and life in Christ reveals.

We sow in hope—for Jesus rose,
The Firstfruits He of them that sleep ;
Sin, death, the grave, are vanquished foes,
And ours is victory, though we weep.

And we must see, that coming day,
Death swallowed up in victory ;
And the Lord God shall wipe away
The last sad tear from every eye.

CXXXVII.

“Buy the Truth, and Sell it not.”

OH ! buy the truth, and sell it never !
Oh ! love the truth, and speak it ever ;
Oh ! keep the truth, and never lose it,
Oh ! hear the truth, and ne'er refuse it.

For truth maintain the life-long strife,
For truth count little worth thy life !

Stand by the truth, whoe'er assails it ;
Man's frown or smile, say, what avails it ?
Cleave to the truth, though all forsake it,
The coward's doom would'st thou partake it ?
Thou man of God, thou child of light,
Gird on thine armour, keep it bright !

What though the world deride thee, bear it ;
It was thy Master's lot, then share it ;
The world's proud might can never harm thee,
Why should its threatened wrath alarm thee ?
Thy Master's joy shall soon be thine,
Full, deep, unspeakable, divine !

CXXXVIII.

"Return unto thy Rest, O my Soul ; for the
Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

PSALM cxvi. 7.

RETURN unto thy rest, my soul,
Thy God invites thee there ;
Thy shelter blest, thy sure repose,
From fear and toil and care.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
God hath dealt well with thee ;
From death, the death that never dies,
'Tis He hath set thee free.

And thus thine eyes have never wept
The tears that lost ones weep ;

Thy feet from falling He hath kept,
And will for ever keep.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
'Tis God that bids thee come ;
And know how richly thou art blest
In Him, thy Rest, thy Home !

CXXXIX.

For United Prayer.

FATHER, we are come to pray,
Listen to our prayer to-day !
What we need Thou knowest well,
Better far than we can tell ;
Yet Thou bidd'st us at Thy throne
Make our wants and wishes known.

Through the Priest who shed His blood,
Who on earth the Victim stood,
Pleading now before the throne,
We draw nigh to Thee alone ;

No denial need we fear,
Who in His Great Name draw near.

Father, show how deep our need,
That from pride our souls be freed ;
Though Thy grace so plenteous be,
Teach us well our poverty ;
Thus Thy holy Name we'll bless
For the riches of Thy grace !

Let us praise Thee, as we should,
For Thy mercies past, O God !
Than Thy smallest mercies less
Gladly we ourselves confess ;
Yet expecting every good,
Through the Saviour's costly blood.

Let Thy Holy Spirit's power
Rest on us this sacred hour ;
While in us He intercedes,
And on high the Saviour pleads,—
With such advocacy blest,
We shall gain our hearts' request.

When the hour of prayer is o'er,
May we pray still, evermore ;
Watching unto prayer be found,
And in faith and hope abound ;
Thus our work on earth be done,
Till we rise to yonder throne !

CXL.

“ Buried with Him in Baptism, wherein also ye are
Risen with Him,” etc.

SAVIOUR, with Thee I died
Upon the shameful tree ;
What time my Lord was crucified,
That judgment passed on me.

Saviour, with Thee I’ve lain
Beneath the entombing wave ;
With Thee have I been raised again
From out that mystic grave.

With Thee in spirit risen,
I’m seated now on high ;

Partaker of that glorious life,
Which nevermore can die.

Help me to mortify
My members here on earth,
And manifest unceasingly
My new, my heavenly birth !—

Till Thou in glory come,
For me once crucified,
And I in Thine eternal home
Am with Thee glorified !

CXLI.

The Land.

THERE is a land beyond these realms of night,
Whose bliss by mortal eye was never scanned ;
A land of ancient fame, of glory bright,
Of peace and rest, a holy, happy land.
Its glorious sun doth never set nor rise,
There night's deep shadows nevermore do fall ;

God is the Sun that gilds its glowing skies,
The Lamb His fadeless brightness sheds o'er
all !

There the redeemèd evermore shall dwell,
The blood-bought host, the chosen family ;
And there their Great Redeemer's praises tell,
In songs of raptured joy eternally.

Death shall not enter there again, nor sin
Through human souls its cursèd poison
spread ;
There made like Christ their Lord without,
within,
The tempter's power they nevermore shall
dread.

There good alone they know, and ill no more
In their full cup of joy is ever mixed ;
When shall I reach that bright and tearless
shore ?
Oh ! when shall come the day my God has
fixed ?

CXLII.

Glory.

WE often sing of glory,
The saints' dear home of light ;
Where we shall serve in glory,
Our God both day and night.

We often sing of glory ;
But what shall be our song,
When we shall sing in glory
With heaven's unnumbered throng !

We often sing of glory ;
But what shall be the bliss,
When Him we see in glory,
Who died to make us His ?

CXLIII.

The Lamb of God.

I LOVE to praise the Lamb,
Who shed His blood for me ;

In His all-precious Name
I full salvation see :
For me He lived and died and rose,
He overcame my mightiest foes.

His perfect love to God,
His love to Man no less,
Proved faithful unto blood,
Fulfilled all righteousness ;
In His obedience justified,
I need no righteousness beside.

For me the curse He bore,
That I might blessed be ;
And now for evermore
From sin and curse set free,
I love to sing that costly blood,
Which hath redeemed my soul to God.

And since He vanquished death,
And triumphed o'er the tomb,
For every child of faith
The grave hath lost its gloom :

They too shall reign in life with Him,
His praise their never-ending theme.

I love to praise the Lamb,
His holy Name to bless,
And far and wide proclaim
His blood and righteousness ;
Ransom from hell, and title fair
To an eternal heaven are there !

CXLIV.

The God.

How wonderful
Thy ways of grace to me !
How merciful
Thy sorest chastenings be !
This wayward heart,
So oft that turns from Thee,
Needs sorrow's smart
From sin's dread power to free.

I bless the rod !
'Tis Love, true Love that smites ;
My gracious God
Ne'er in my grief delights.
That sharpest grief,
Thy Son hath borne for me,
Brings me relief,
From sin's dread curse doth free.

Thy chastening rod
Thou ne'er on me hadst laid
Save He, my God,
Had all my ransom paid.
My Father's hand
Mingles this needed cup ;
At His command,
I bow, and drink it up !

CXLV.

Oneness of Saints.
ARE they not one,
Whom the same Saviour bought with the
same blood ?

Before the throne,
Or travelling yet life's weary, dangerous road ?

Are they not one,
Loved with the same divine, eternal love ?
Chosen, foreknown,
Predestined to the same full joy above ?

Are they not one,
In whom the same Blest Spirit ever dwells ?
To whom alone
Redemption's wonders vast and rich He tells ?

Yes, they are one !
And nought the bonds that bind them can
undo ;
Though all unknown
By man their strength, so holy, strong, and
true !

For ever one !
Though often sundered here by land and sea ;
By face unknown,
Till the glad day when they with Christ shall
be.

For ever one !
Though fleshly discord here too oft divides ;
There strife's rude tone
No more is heard, but love supreme abides.

For ever one !
Lord, haste the day ! oh ! let it quickly come !
Let it be shewn
That all Thy saints are one, in Thy bright
home !

CXLVI.

Jesu, Strong to Save.

JESU, strong to save,
In Thy pity hear me ;
Make this trembler brave,
In Thy might be near me :
Be my Light and Guide,
Through this vale of weeping ;
Close, Lord, at my side,
Still Thy place be keeping.

Well Thou know'st the road,
For Thy feet did tread it ;
Since it leads to God,
Wherfore should I dread it ?
Let me learn of Thee
Holy trust and meekness ;
Thou my strength must be,
In each hour of weakness.

Jesu, strong to save,
Save and bless me ever ;
Thee the Father gave,
Mighty to deliver
Souls that in Thee trust
From sin's condemnation ;—
Make poor worms of dust
Heirs of Thy salvation.

Since Thy precious blood
Was for sin outpourèd,
Well our peace with God
Ever stands securèd :

Love that at such price
Would its own deliver,
Must all needs suffice,
Save and bless for ever!

Jesu, strong to save,
At the last be near me ;
Shall I fear the grave,
If Thy presence cheer me ?
I would conquer death,
In the hour of dying ;
Strong in hope and faith,
On Thy word relying !

CXLVII.

"They that Seek Me Early shall find
HE bids thee seek Him early,
That early thou may'st find ;
To such His hand is opened,
His gracious ear's inclined ;
On such He lasting riches,
And righteousness bestows ;

Preserves for endless glories,
And saves from endless woes.

Oh ! none can seek too early,
None can too early find
The refuge of His mercy
Opened to lost mankind ;
That precious cross of Jesus,
True covert from the storm,
Prepared by His goodness
For sinners lost, forlorn.

Oh ! who can know too early
A Heavenly Father's love ?
Or have too soon the earnest
Of a bright home above ?
For life is ever fleeting,
And death is ever nigh,
The solemn charge repeating,
O man, prepare to die !

When once the Master's risen,
And hath shut to the door,

Vain then is thy petition,
The day of grace is o'er :
Then seek Him, seek Him early,
Who thee to bless doth wait,
Lest from His lips thou hearest
The awful words, " Too late ! "

CXLVIII.

OH ! what shall heal the stricken soul,
That mourneth sore for sin ?
Or what shall make the deep wounds whole,
That conscience feels within ?

It is Thy blood, O Christ, alone,
Can ease the inward smart ;
The precious balm that heals our woe
Flowed from Thy broken heart.

O price most rich, most wonderful,
At which our peace was bought ;
Beyond a mortal's tongue to tell,
Beyond a seraph's thought !

CXLIX.

The Kingdom.

TAKE Thy great power and reign,
The Kingdom is Thine own ;
And far and wide maintain
The empire of Thy throne :
Come, bring the hour of glad release,
And let Creation's groanings cease !

Take Thy great power and reign,
Thou long-expected King !
Earth's wastes shall bloom again,
Her wilderness shall sing :
Thou King of peace and righteousness,
With Thy blest sway the nations bless.

O quickly come and reign
Over a ransomed earth ;
She'll welcome Thee that day,
Day of her second birth ;
Where once was seen Thy cross and shame,
Declare Thy glory, spread Thy fame !

Take Thy great power and reign,
The Priest upon His throne ;
What joy that day shall bring,
When King and Priest are One !
Counsels of peace 'twixt both must be,
And ended man's last tyranny.

Take Thy great power and reign,
E'en now within this heart ;
O there Thy throne maintain,
Each rival bid depart ;
Till I shall reign in life with Thee,
Thy faithful subject let me be !

CL.

The Better Home.

Go where thy Lord is gone,
My heart, and there abide ;
He claims thee for His own,
Who for thy sake has died ;
And who besides, below, above,
My heart, may claim like Him thy love ?

Why should thy strength be given
To dying things of earth?
Only in yonder heaven
Are things of lasting worth ;
Death's touch must wither all things here,
The fadeless, deathless things are there.

Up, where the ransomed dwell,
In God's own glorious light ;
Where the Lamb's praise they tell,
Far from this world of night ;
There is thy better home, my heart,
There seek thy bliss, nor thence depart !

CLI.

“A Lamb as it had been Slain.”
THE slain Lamb is their ceaseless song
In mansions of the blest ;
His love employs each gladsome tongue,
And fills each raptured breast.

His unveiled glory they behold
With ever fresh delight ;

And sing His name to harps of gold,
Unwearied day and night.

O blissful sight ! O sweet employ,
To pardoned sinners given !
O what is longest earthly joy
To one brief hour of heaven ?

And quickly shall that vision fair
Meet our delighted gaze ;
And quickly will He fetch us there,
To join that ceaseless praise !

CLII.

The Voyage.

How sweet when stormy seas are past,
And shipwreck threatens now no more,
To gain the haven's rest at last,
To set foot on some peaceful shore !

Long on life's rude and treacherous wave,
My bark with many a storm has tossed ;

But He who mighty is to save
Pledges that I shall ne'er be lost.

Sometimes a prospering gale He sends ;
Swift o'er the waves my vessel glides ;
Then on the sea the storm descends,
Which only at His word subsides.

And yet with fair or adverse wind,
Each hour I near the port of bliss ;
Death's gloomy strand lies far behind,
And Heaven in clearer prospect is.

But oh ! the rapture of that hour
When I these seas essay no more ;
But safe beyond the tempest's power,
I set foot on the eternal shore !

CLIII.

Diligence.

WHATE'ER thy hand may find to do,
Oh ! do it with thy might ;
The hours of labour are but few,
Day must soon turn to night.

The labour that to thee's assigned
There's none beside may do ;
Oh ! do it with all earnest mind,
With loving heart and true.

Life lived for God alone is life,
All, all beside is death ;
The fruit of all his toil and strife
Man yieldeth with his breath.

Not so, if thou for God shalt toil,
His soldier, servant, son ;
Thou yet shalt see rich, glorious spoil
From every victory won :—

Thou yet shalt see rich harvests shine,
Where thou dost sow thy seed ;
Christ shall at His great day requite
Thine every faithful deed !

CLIV.

Thomas.

LIKE spring-time's glad returning,
When winter's past away ;

Like dawn of fairest morning,
When night doth yield to day;
Or like the tranquil ocean,
When all the storm's swept by,
And still's the wild commotion
Of the vexed, angry sky :—

Oh ! such methinks that bosom,
When gloomy unbelief
Held him no more in prison,
A prey to fears and grief ;
When sight of Jesus risen
Scattered his doubts abroad,
And wondering he could own Him,
His very Lord and God !

CLV.

SWIFTLY, ever swiftly,
Pass these hours away ;
Night, when no man worketh,
Comes without delay.
Swift the sun descendeth
In the glowing west,

And the hour portendeth
When I too must rest.

Swiftly glides the river
From its ancient source,
And returneth never
On its wonted course ;
Swiftly flies the arrow
On its noiseless track ;
Time more swiftly hasteth,
Never turneth back.

Precious, ever precious,
Are these passing hours ;
In thy Master's service,
Christian, use thy powers ;
Treasure thou in heaven
Daily mayest store ;
Riches never wasting,
Lasting evermore !

CLVI.

October.

FLOWERS are dying, flowers are dying,
That were late so bright and gay ;
Winds are sighing, winds are sighing,
Sere leaves fall around our way.

Time is passing, time is passing,
Passing by with noiseless wing ;
Years are hastening, years are hastening,
Soon the solemn close they'll bring.

Hours are precious, hours are precious,
Though so oft they run to waste ;
Ere they're ended, ere they're ended,
Sinner, to the Saviour haste !

Days are evil, days are evil,
O ye saints, redeem them well ;
Friends of Jesus, friends of Jesus,
Let your lives His glory tell.

CLVII.

“My Soul shall be Satisfied.”

MY God, I ask not from Thy store
Just what I need, and nothing more ;
The fulness of Thy grace I’d prove,
The riches of Thy boundless love.

An heir of glory—e’en below
My high estate I fain would know ;
With faith’s strong eagle eye survey
My portion in eternal day.

And hast Thou not Thy Spirit given
To every new-born child of heaven—
Earnest of our inheritance,
Till the Redeemer fetch us hence ?

May He the inward sight unseal,
The glory yet to come reveal ;
Thy love’s best gifts may He make known,
What the dear cross of Christ hath won.

CLVIII.

The Retrospect.

O GIVE me back the years that fled,
The friends that passed away ;
Give back the suns that o'er me shed
Their calm and joyous ray.

The world grows dark and drear and lone,
And true, fond hearts are rare ;
While some all strange to me have grown,
A harsher grief to bear.

Ah ! some, methinks, I loved too well,
Nor dreamt the hour would come,
That comes for all—the passing bell,
And man's long silent home.

Or if these griefs in vain must be,
And lost ones ne'er return,
For those that yet remain to me
A wiser love may burn.

So while these fleeting hours endure,
I'll prize each boon that's given,
And bless the Hand that makes secure
The changeless bliss of heaven.

CLIX.

To Him who chose us for His own,
Ere worlds created were ;
Who gave us grace in Christ His Son,
That Son to Him so dear :

To Him who hath predestined us
At length like Christ to be ;
Saved by His blood from wrath and curse,
Spotless and pure as He :

To Him who called and justified,
And in our Risen Head
Hath us already glorified,
Be thanks eternal paid !

O majesty, O wealth of love !
O vast, unmeasured grace !
Whose wonders fill the hosts above
With never-ending praise.

Thou Holy Ghost, blest Comforter,
Fresh light, fresh joy impart !
Redemption's wonders still declare
To each believing heart.

CLX.

The Chamber of Sickness.

WHY these hours of pining sickness ?
Why this slowly wasting frame ?
Why the body "sown in weakness" ?
And the grave's ne'er sated claim ?

Why the long, long separation ?
Why the mourner's fruitless tears ?
Why faith's blessed expectation
Thus delayed these weary years ?

Why the wounded heart's fresh wounding ?
Stroke on stroke, and grief on grief ;
Wave to louder wave resounding ?
When shall come the long relief ?

“ Why ? ” our curious hearts are asking,
Anxious, restless, fearful still ;
Still our feeble faith o'ertasking ;—
All things working out His will !

All things working out His glory !
Light and darkness, joy and woe,
Mingling in our life's strange story
Form the web of time below.

Wait and watch and pray and labour ;
Suffer, if it be His will !
Doubt not His almighty favour
O'er your lot presideth still.

Souls in Jesus Christ belovèd,
Purchased by His priceless blood,
Like His throne, His word's unmovèd,
All things here must work your good.

CLXI.

The Resurrection.

THE resurrection morn shall break
On earth's long night of gloom ;
The dead in Christ shall yet forsake
Their dwelling in the tomb.

Death lords it now from shore to shore,
With undisputed sway ;
Soon shall his gloomy reign be o'er,
For Christ has won the day.

He hath abolished death for us ;
No more they dread to die,
Who know the virtues of His cross,
Who see Him raised on high.

His people's life with Him in God
From human sight 's concealed ;
Its blessedness shall all be told,
When Jesus is revealed.

CLXII.

The Day of Christ.

IT comes, it comes, that day of light,
Of glory long expected ;
Rejoice, and hail the welcome sight,
Ye souls by grief dejected !

Your Lord is coming in the clouds,
His long delay thus ending ;
His train, heaven's glad exulting crowds,
His angel-guards attending.

No more shall human hate and scorn
Your cup of grief be filling ;
While ye of coming vengeance warn,
Or love's sweet theme are telling.

No more ye'll wage the ceaseless war,
With world and flesh and devil ;
Victorious ye for ever are
O'er all the powers of evil.

Jesus shall reign, and ye with Him
In glory never-ending ;
Till every foe His might hath felt,
His kingdom still extending.

But oh ! what joy to see His face,
And never, never leave Him ;
To know the fulness of His grace,
And never, never grieve Him !

To bless His name for every good
His bounteous hand hath given ;
And most for His own precious blood,
Which fits your souls for heaven !

CLXIII.

“ Come ; for all things are now ready.”

“ ALL things are ready, come !”
Oh ! hear the gracious call,
Ye wanderers without home,
Ye slaves of sin and thrall ;

'Tis Mercy's voice so true and kind,
Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind !

'Tis by our Lord's command
This invitation's given ;
Take at His blessed hand
The rich free gifts of heaven ;
Too poor, too vile ye cannot be,
The feast was spread for such as ye.

Christ is Himself the feast,—
His flesh and blood are given ;
And each believing guest
Tastes the True Bread of heaven ;
This feast of love on earth begun
Endures while heaven's glad ages run.

The Father draws to Christ
Those whom to Christ He gave ;
In them His love's sufficed,
Who died His own to save ;
The Spirit new-creates and seals,
Till Heaven their perfect bliss reveals !

CLXIV.

SINCE nought the ceaseless flight may stay
Of time's swift-fleeting years,
And life's strange web is woven still
With mingled hopes and fears,
And every day some cause will bring
For gladness and for tears :

Why would we then so long detain
Amid this chequered scene,
The friends we truest love and best,
And mourn with grief so keen,
When death's dark vail is interposed
Our loved and us between ?

Fondly for ever lengthening years
We for our loved ones pray ;
Forgetful that each day of earth
Doth heaven's full joy delay ;—
The hour that brings unmixed bliss,
And sorrow's end for aye.

And still we pray that distant far
The parting pang may be ;
And wish that we might ne'er be called
The final hour to see,
Though life's faint spark go out, to shine
A sun eternally !

Yet, life is precious, if for God
Its treasured hours we spend ;
A shaded path that ends in light,
In glory without end ;
Where joys for saints by Christ secured
Our fairest hopes transcend !

CLXV.

Submission.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
I would for ever choose ;
Then to Thy servant light afford,
Lest I that way should lose.

“The way of holiness”
Help me to keep and love;
And far from sin’s seductive ways
Do Thou my feet remove!

That way I’d seek, my God,
Where Thou canst walk with me;
Where to endure life’s heaviest load
Thou all my strength shalt be;—

Thy good and perfect way,
So wise, so safe, so blest;
That nearer brings me every day
To my eternal rest!

CLXVI.

I WOULD not sin against Thy love,
Nor wound the heart that bled for me;
My Lord, my Saviour, far remove
Whate’er offends or grieveth Thee!

What the vast *measure* of Thy love,
My spirit ne’er can think or tell;—

Higher than heights of heaven above,
And deeper than the depths of hell.

The *manner* of that holy love
Ten thousand gracious deeds express ;
Its truth and wisdom oft I prove,
Delighting still to save and bless.

And well I know that love endures,
And faithful to the end will prove ;
All needed present good secures,
And everlasting bliss above.

CLXVII.

“That ye sorrow not even as others which have no
Hope.”

WHY mourn we for the blessed dead,
Who now in Jesus sleep ?
With tears and heavy sighs behold
The grave so still and deep ?
Since Jesus o'er the silent dust
Safe watch doth ever keep.

The Lord of life, His sufferings o'er,
Lay in the cold, dark tomb ;
Thence rose by His almighty power,
And scattered far its gloom ;
And in that glad triumphal hour,
Sealed the last enemy's doom.

Not in the ruined earthly house
The deathless spirit dwells ;
Safely it passed the gloomy vale,
Where Jordan's dark wave swells ;
And with the blood-bought company
The Saviour's praise it tells.

Nor yet in hopeless ruin lies
The earthly tenement ;
Only for one brief passing hour
To dark decay 'tis lent ;
Till Joy's bright endless morn shall rise,
And Grief's short night be spent !

CLXVIII.

“My God shall supply all your Need.”

PHIL. iv. 19.

My God I'd see in every gift
His blessed hands bestow ;
My heart in thankful praise would lift
To Him who loves me so.

'Tis He alone supplies my wants,
Through the dear Saviour's name ;
Though of the meanest gifts He grants
I all unworthy am.

How sweet to be enriched by Him
Whose joy it is to give ;
Who e'en hath said, “More blessed 'tis
To give than to receive.”

To him that hath He giveth more,
No bound His grace can know ;
Then to His never-failing store,
With confidence I'll go.

Sinful and worthless, poor indeed,
I yet will seek His face,
Who of my poverty hath need,
To shew how rich His grace !

CLXIX.

S. D. G.

AND hast thou passed away,
Thy toil and suffering o'er ?
And is the darkness turned to day,
On Heaven's bright shore ?

And is the Saviour's love
Thy soul's sweet solace now ?
Its fulness art thou gone to prove ?
O happy thou !

Life's sorrows now how brief
To thee they must appear ;
Where comes nor sin, nor pain, nor grief,
Dried the last tear !

Oh ! who could wish thee here
In this sad world of pain ?

That be our hope to meet thee there
Once more again !

To meet thee where the song
Is never, never done ;

With all the holy, happy throng
Before the throne ;—

Beside the crystal sea,
Where sound the harps of God,
With robes from every stain set free
By Jesus' blood.

In the same Father's home,
True home of loving hearts ;
Where all the Father's children come,
Not one departs.

There we shall meet again,
Brother, and part no more ;
Where day ends not—the night of pain
For ever o'er !

CLXX.

The Proper Study of Mankind.

“THE proper study of mankind is Man :”
Exert your powers, the mighty subject scan !
Ah bootless toil ! let who will blame or laud,
“The proper study of mankind is God !”

CLXXI.

“The Darkness and the Light are both alike to Thee.”

SINCE the darkness and the light
Meet alike Thine awful sight,
Since no word or thought can be
Ever hid, O Lord, from Thee ;
Search my inmost heart and try
Depths ne'er seen by mortal eye.

Now Thy love in Christ I know,
In the blood once caused to flow
On the dark, accursèd tree,
Me from guilt and curse to free ;
I invite Thy searching gaze,
Still to spy out all my ways.

In Thy presence let me see
What the sin that dwells in me ;
In that searching piercing light
Let me learn how deep my night ;
Since my Advocate is there,
I shall not of grace despair.

Called to walk in light with Thee,
Paths of darkness let me flee ;
When I wander, cleanse the stain,
Set me in Thy paths again ;
Thou art Light, and Thou art Love,
Both I ask, my God, to prove !

CLXXII.

“ And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord.”

JESUS, since Thy Name I bear,
Let it be my ceaseless care,
Let it be my constant aim,
Still to glorify Thy Name.

Willing Thy poor servant make,
His appointed cross to take ;
This my welcome, only load,
Borne along life's rugged road.

They who in Thy Name believe
Everlasting life receive ;
Wealth of God's abounding grace,
And the gift of righteousness.

Washed in Thine atoning blood,
Made a kingdom—priests to God ;
They shall reign in life with Thee,
They shall all Thy glory see.

Jesus, since Thy Name I bear,
Let it be my only care,
Here Thy Name to glorify,
Till I reign with Thee on high !

CLXXIII.

The Rescue.

By the raging tempest tossed,
At the wild waves' sport I lay ;

Seemed as if I must be lost,
Must become a castaway ;
Mast and sails and rudder gone,
Hope survived the wreck alone.

Yet her lamp was burning low ;
And despair's dim, gathering cloud,
Threatening the long night of woe,
All my soul with anguish bowed ;
Death's chill hand was near my heart,
Life seemed ready to depart.

Conscience told its awful tale
All too true, of guilt and sin ;
Ah ! the stoutest heart would quail,
Did it hear that voice within ;
Silenced long she spoke with power
Louder than the tempest's roar.

Then I heard the voice of One,
In that hour of deep distress,
“Look to Me,” it said, “alone,
And be saved by sovereign grace ;

I have borne thy sin and guilt,
For thy sake my blood was spilt."

Turned I then His gaze to meet,
And on Him my look was stayed ;
In His hands and in His feet
Were the prints the nails had made,
And the spear-marks in His side
Told it was the Lamb who died !

All my load of guilt was gone !
All my fears and anguish ceased ;
Sin's strong bonds were all undone,
He my captive soul released ;
Tears of thankful joy how sweet,
Wept I at my Saviour's feet !

Jesus stilled the dreadful storm,
Took its anger from the sky ;
Bade the light of day return,
He the day-spring from on high ;
Now He guides my bark to rest,
To the haven of the blest.

By the raging tempest toss,
At the wild waves' sport I lay ;
Jesus, He who saves the lost,
Looked on me that mournful day,
Pitied, rescued, savèd me
From eternal misery !

CLXXIV.

“I do set my Bow in the Cloud.”

THE bow is in the cloud, poor heart,
With grief and fear so cowed ;
Let this fresh confidence impart,
The bow is in the cloud !

True to His word, thy God hath set
His covenant token there ;
Can He His promise e'er forget ?
Then why should'st thou despair ?

His faithfulness abides the same,
Sure, as in days of old ;

“I AM” is still His glorious Name,
True, as when first ’twas told.

Oh! none did ever trust in vain
His mercy and His might ;
He brings bright shining after rain,
His morn shall cheer thy night.

The bow shines brightly in the cloud,
Go, gaze upon it there ;
Though gloom and darkness thee enshroud,
It shall dispel thy fear.

Since Jesus liveth, who for thee
In shame and death once bowed ;
’Tis thine in each dark day to see
The bow that’s in the cloud !

CLXXV.

DOING or suffering, let me be
But with Thy presence blest ;
Suffering shall solace bring to me,
And toil shall yield me rest.

Thy gentle yoke my heart would choose,
To wear beneath Thine eye;
Nor sorrow's load will I refuse,
Master, while Thou art nigh!

The Hand that doth all things controul,
That doth all worlds sustain,
Shall strengthen with its might my soul,
Shall soothe my sharpest pain!

CLXXVI.

Heart Longings.

My soul is all athirst for God,
Yea, for the Living God!
This longing heart His love would know
More richly shed abroad.

His love in Christ, free, boundless love,
Shewn to His enemies;
Man's highest thought so far above,
So wondrous in mine eyes.

Earth's boasted streams no more I try,
Her springs are poisoned springs ;
There's nought beneath this lower sky
True satisfaction brings.

In God, the Living God, my soul,
Are springs of pure delight ;
Ask, seek, what thou shalt find, my soul,
Shall well thy search requite.

He who doth make thee thirst for Him
Thy thirst will satisfy ;
No good He teaches thee to crave
But richly He'll supply !

CLXXVII.

Labour.

SINCE Time's swift hours ye may not stay,
Ye children of the light ;
Go, work, while it is called to-day,
Ere comes the gloomy night.

For night's dark shades will soon be down,
When ye can toil no more ;
But see there waits the eternal crown,
When life's brief labour's o'er.

Labour for Him, who toiled to gain
Eternal rest for you ;
Saved you from death and endless pain,
Bearing sin's awful due.

Oh ! could ye half His love perceive,
His rich, unmeasured grace ;
Ye'd ask for Him alone to live,
Till ye shall see His face.

Or could ye tell the wondrous price,
At which He'll estimate
The loving heart's least sacrifice,
There's none ye'd deem too great !

CLXXVIII.

Sorrow for Sin.

OH ! who may still the mourner's grief,
Or dry the tear that's wept for sin ?

Jesus, 'tis Thou must grant relief,
'Tis Thou must speak the peace within !

Deep are the awful stains of guilt,
Thy blood alone can wash them out ;
Yet since for sin Thy blood was spilt,
Its cleansing power why should I doubt ?

The chief of sinners Thou dost save,
Dost cast out none that come to Thee ;
This mercy, Lord, from Thee I crave,
Pardon and save and shelter me !

The lake of fire my sins deserve,
The wrath, the worm that never dies ;
From that dread doom my soul preserve,
By Thine own precious sacrifice.

Saved from that death of deaths, I'll praise
The love divine that rescued me ;
A grateful heart to endless days
My poor, but glad return shall be !

CLXXIX.

The End.

To find me safe at home at last,
The bliss, oh ! who may tell ?
To fear no more this stormy blast,
These waves that round me swell.—

To know that sin shall never grieve,
That pain and toil are o'er ;
Beneath my Saviour's smile to live,
And lose that smile no more.—

With saints redeemed from every land,
As bright, as blest as they ;
To taste the joys at God's right hand
Through the glad, endless day !

CLXXX.

FOR grace I sigh and pray,
When wilt Thou give me grace
To run my Lord's appointed way,
To finish well my race ?

Oh! why these hindrances?
These sore besetments still?
These heart-desires so few and faint,
To do my Father's will?

Why the strange conflict yet
With Satan and with sin?

Oh! when shall I the strife forget,
And peace and victory win?

A sinful, helpless worm,
Saviour, to Thee I cry;
Stretch out for me Thy mighty arm,
Succour me or I die!

With more and more of grace,
To suffer or to do,
Saviour, till I shall see Thy face,
Do Thou my soul renew.

CLXXXI.

WEARIED of myself to Thee,
Lord, for comfort let me flee;

Peace and rest for heart and mind
In Thee only may I find.

Vain the world's attractions are,
All her pleasures but a snare ;
And a soul by God renewed,
Pants for higher, nobler good.

Lord, a treacherous heart I mourn !
Ever prone from Thee to turn ;
Restless, wayward, fickle still,
Who shall bind my wandering will ?

Speak the word of peace once more,
Let the weary strife be o'er ;
Bid me in Thy love to rest,
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

Thou didst all my curse endure,
Thou hast made my peace secure ;
Till Thy rest on high I gain,
Lord, my wandering feet restrain !

CLXXXII.

THE Church in bliss triumphant,
No sweeter song it knows,
Than we e'en here encompassed
With hosts of deadly foes.
We sing of love that sought us
When far from heaven and God ;
We sing of grace that bought us
At price of costly blood.
Of dangers past for ever,
The Church on high may sing ;
We to our mighty Saviour
As joyful praise may bring.
The Hand that safely brought them
To their bright, heavenly home,
Shall guide us, guard us, bless us,
Till to our rest we come.
But oh ! what untold gladness
That coming morn shall see,
When the whole ransomed firstborn
Safe home shall gathered be !

Bright day of expectation,
 Oh ! how the spirit longs
To join the exultation
 Of heaven's triumphant songs !

CLXXXIII. •

WHEN heart and hand are weary,
 And hope is faint and low ;
When shadows dim and dreary
 Invest the way I go ;
When foes around me gather,
 And friends all leave my side,
Oh ! then, my God, my Father,
 I flee to Thee to hide !

When dark temptations press me,
 My spirit inly dies ;
When sin and fears distress me,
 And scarce I lift mine eyes ;
Then, then, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me for succour turn,
Thine all-sufficient favour,
 Thy might, Thy truth to learn !

When long life's journey seemeth,
And full of toil my race,
And far, far off appeareth
My promised resting-place ;
Then, gracious Spirit, shew me
The glorious things to come,
And bid me still press onward,
To my eternal home !

CLXXXIV.

"Stir up Thy Strength, and come and save us."

STIR up Thy strength, and come and save !
Great God, this grace from Thee we crave :
Our foes are strong, our power is gone,
Thou art our Saving Strength alone.

Stir up Thy strength, and come and save !
Bid trembling, fainting hearts be brave ;
Oh ! let not mortal man prevail,
Let not Thy word of promise fail !

Stir up Thy strength, and come and save !
The tempest's high, the billows rave ;

'Tis Thou must quell the sea's proud wrath,
And make through fire and flood our path.

Stir up Thy strength, and come and save !
No hope nor help but Thee we have ;
Oh ! canst Thou leave them or forsake
Who thus in Thee their Refuge make ?

Stir up Thy strength, and come and save !
In Jesus' Name this grace we crave ;
The vanquished might of earth and hell
Abashed shall but Thy glory tell !

CLXXXV.

The Cross.

SMITTEN, bruised, and put to shame,
Pierced and bleeding on the tree,
See I there God's spotless Lamb,
Bearing all in love for me.

Ah ! my heart, canst thou sustain
Such a mournful sight as this ?

Pause and ponder : 'tis His pain
Wins for thee eternal bliss.

How He loved His God behold !
His great Name to glorify,
'Neath this weight of grief untold
Freely He consents to die.

■

How He loves the sinner, see—
How He hates the sinner's sin—
In His uttered agony,
In His sorer pangs within.

Slain for me, that I might live,
Bound, to bring me liberty ;
Love-constrained myself I give,
Now my Lord's alone to be.

Glorified in heaven now,
Lives again the once slain Lamb ;
Angel hosts adoring bow,
Saints His worthy praise proclaim.

Soon I'll join the anthem too,—
Strike my well-tuned harp of gold,
Where they all His glory view,
And His grace He'll still unfold.

CLXXXVI.

I WOULD live on, e'en when the grave
My ashes shall receive ;
A more enduring life I crave
Than e'en the life I live.

In human hearts I'd live enshrined,
By many memories dear ;
Still lovingly called back to mind,
Not seldom with a tear.

Oh ! would that words these lips might speak,
And deeds these hands might do,
Might live, and often silence break,
When I am lost to view.

The setting sun a glory leaves
E'en when his course is done ;
To dying flowers a fragrance cleaves,
E'en when their beauty's flown.

More bright than e'en the sunset glow,
More fragrant than the flower,
Endure my memory below,
Beyond life's final hour !

All this—but why? my Lord, Thou know'st
'Tis for Thy own dear Name ;—
My Joy, my Confidence, my Boast,
To spread Thy worthy fame.

Saved by Thy blood from endless woe,
Loved, rescued, healed, forgiven,
My blessedness to Thee I owe,
My all in earth or heaven !

ERRATUM.

Page 155, line 3, for "chains" read "claims."

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	<small>PAGE</small>
A servant and soldier of Christ	157
A song of love be mine	41
A thousand years the dead have slept	125
All things are ready, come !	239
Aloft I soar on faith's strong eagle wings	25
Alone, yet not alone	190
And hast thou passed away	247
And may I call Thee Father	50
Are they not one	216
As oft on lonely mountain's height	166
At evening time let there be light	74
Awake, my soul, and sing	144
Baptized into His death, we own	73
Before Thine awful Majesty	89
Bless me, Thou great High Priest	6
Bread of life for sinners given	114
Break this hard heart, my God	71
By the raging tempest toss	251
Clad in robes of spotless whiteness	96
Come, I Holy Ghost, Thou blest Remembrancer	199
Daily bread for daily need	185
Daily bread for every day	77
Death's Conqueror Thee we gladly own	62
Deem not this body vile	106

	PAGE
Doing or suffering let me be - - - - -	255
Ere I close mine eyes in slumber - - - - -	18
Far from earth's deep sadness - - - - -	197
Father, we are come to pray - - - - -	208
Fierce and fiercer grows the blast - - - - -	81
Flowers are dying - - - - -	231
For grace I sigh and pray - - - - -	260
Freighted full with gospel blessings - - - - -	131
Glory, glory, glory - - - - -	101
Go where glory calls thee - - - - -	164
Go where thy Lord is gone - - - - -	224
Grace beneath Thy hand to bow - - - - -	115
Hark ! the trump of Jubilee - - - - -	160
Hark those words of wonder - - - - -	48
He bids thee seek Him early - - - - -	220
He drank the brook beside the way - - - - -	35
Heaven is my home - - - - -	140
Her sands of life run swiftly down - - - - -	195
Here at Thy feet, my Lord, I sit - - - - -	186
Himself He cannot save - - - - -	172
How long, O Lord, how long - - - - -	147
How sweet when stormy seas are past - - - - -	226
How wonderful - - - - -	215
How wonderful that He - - - - -	27
I ask not for the warrior's sword - - - - -	83
I ask not much - - - - -	55
I have a home beyond the skies - - - - -	69
I have a home of peace - - - - -	129
I know the way - - - - -	113
I love to praise the Lamb - - - - -	213

	PAGE
I rest in the word of a Covenant God	22
I said, "My times are in Thy hand"	54
I saw them in their glory—crowned	31
I to the world with Him have died	135
I would follow where Thou leadest	194
I would live on e'en when the grave	268
I would not leave the mercy seat	187
I would not sin against Thy love	243
In the home of many mansions	68
Is it not well sometimes to think	150
It comes, it comes, that day of light	238
 Jehovah is my Shepherd blest	153
Jesus, who once to earth came down	128
Jesus, since Thy Name I bear	250
Jesu, strong to save	218
 Like spring-time's glad returning	229
Link after link is breaking	58
Lone and dreary	52
Look, Lord, with pitying eye	137
Lord, where Thy servants are Thyself hast been	57
 Mercy is my song for ever	161
Mercy must heal my wounds	46
My God, I ask not from Thy store	232
My God I'd see in every gift	246
My God knows all, or joy or grief	193
My pardon's writ in Jesus' blood	110
My soul is all athirst for God	256
My spirit bathes her in the sea	3
My springs are all in Thee, my God	143
 Narrow the way, my God	177
Nay, give not o'er because thy prayer	119
Not as the vain world gives Thou givest, Lord	149

	PAGE
Not for the bread which perishes I'd labour	93
Not here, not here, my heart	130
Not in the lordly mansion	63
Now from sleep awaking	15
O for the song the ransomed sing	126
O give me back the years that fled	233
O God, our God, Thy name we praise	87
O not more helpless lies the bark	109
Oh! breathe ye the warmest wishes	182
Oh! buy the truth, and sell it never	206
Oh! what is life, that men would live	151
Oh! what shall heal the stricken soul	222
Oh! whence that bright exulting throng	133
Oh! who may still the mourner's grief	258
Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul	156
Oh! why so cold to Thee, my heart	192
On that love relying	136
Once again the setting sun	159
Once more the precious grain we sow	205
One Name, one only Name I plead	78
Other lords beside the Lord	155
Parted for ever	85
Pass not away, Thou gracious Lord	75
Passèd from death to life	104
Praises never ceasing	8
Praise to our God and King	1
Praise ye the Lord, exalt His Name	33
Present, though far away	138
Press through the crowd! one touch of faith	181
Receive, O Earth, thy due	60
Redemption's full price I behold in the blood	167
Redemption through the costly blood	120
Return unto thy rest, my soul	207

	PAGE
Saviour, fill my heart - - - - -	110
Saviour of the lost, to Thee - - - - -	118
Saviour, when shall I be - - - - -	152
Saviour, with Thee I died - - - - -	210
She is not dead but sleepeth - - - - -	124
Since nought the ceaseless flight may stay - - - - -	241
Since the darkness and the light - - - - -	249
Since Time's swift hours ye may not stay - - - - -	257
Smitten, bruised, and put to shame - - - - -	266
Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth - - - - -	45
Spending and ever spent - - - - -	84
Spirit of life and grace - - - - -	163
Spirit of the Living God - - - - -	79
Still in hope he soweth - - - - -	111
Stir up Thy strength and come and save - - - - -	265
Sweet care that drives me still - - - - -	36
Sweet the promise is to me - - - - -	173
Sweet to think with each glad morning - - - - -	90
Swiftly, ever swiftly - - - - -	229
 Take Thy great power and reign - - - - -	223
Tell me often of Thy glory - - - - -	64
The bow is in the cloud, poor heart - - - - -	254
The Church in bliss triumphant - - - - -	263
The day of glory from afar - - - - -	14
The everlasting Arms are underneath - - - - -	19
The Father's only Son came down - - - - -	5
The harvest is past and the summer is ended - - - - -	95
The joy of God's salvation - - - - -	202
The pleasant flowers spring freshly here - - - - -	146
The proper study of mankind is man - - - - -	249
The resurrection morn shall break - - - - -	237
The slain Lamb is their ceaseless song - - - - -	225
The stormy wind fulfils His word - - - - -	180
There is a crown of life above - - - - -	188
There is a land beyond these realms of night - - - - -	211

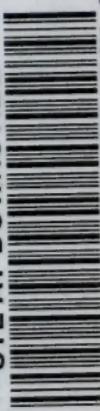
	PAGE
There is hope in thine end, though in sorrow and sadness	178
This is thine hour of sadness - - - - -	122
Thou art my Hiding-place - - - - -	99
Thou art not slow to bless me - - - - -	72
Thou could'st not hear that prayer - - - - -	169
Though far from home and heaven - - - - -	175
Though men should all forsake Thee - - - - -	43
Through changeful days and years, O Lord - - - - -	23
Through pain and oft distress - - - - -	203
Thy way, not mine, O Lord - - - - -	242
Till God the last tear wipes away - - - - -	189
Till Thou bid me go in peace - - - - -	121
'T is not the largeness of the gift - - - - -	98
'T is to be near to Thee I crave - - - - -	34
To find me safe at home at last - - - - -	260
To Him who chose us for His own - - - - -	234
To our Emmanuel's Name - - - - -	170
'Twas God who said, "Let there be light" - - - - -	92
 Up, hearts, why grovel here - - - - -	 30
 We often sing of glory - - - - -	 213
We praise Thee, Holy Spirit - - - - -	11
Wearied of myself, to Thee - - - - -	261
What glorious sight is this - - - - -	107
Whate'er thy hand may find to do - - - - -	227
When heart and hand are weary - - - - -	264
When stormy winds are raging - - - - -	103
When the Master fans the floor - - - - -	40
Why mourn we for the blessed dead - - - - -	244
Why should I fear the blow - - - - -	38
Why these hours of pining sickness - - - - -	235
Who of this water drinks shall thirst again - - - - -	117
Without the city's gate - - - - -	66

PRESENTED
BY THE
**Church of England
Book Society,**
11, ADAM STREET, LONDON.

FOUNDED 1880.

Treasurer.
FRANK A. BEVAN, ESQ.
Secretary.
JOHN SHRIMPTON, ESQ.

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 12 02 04 01 004 6